

LED ENOUGH.
Miller, a lawyer, has
and submitted
of R. G. Davis.
Justice Fortes
surprised when he
could not have
because only two
which the driver
showed that he
was also out of
possible because
decided that he
fine.

AND THE CHIEF
will be held this evening
in the Synagogue
and Valencia streets.
I will speak this evening
morning, "The
musical portions of
rendered by the
B. Cooper will be
evening's service.

Buy
Red Cross
Stamps
at
Hamburger's
Main Floor.

ckwear
t 65c

lot of men's fin
kwear of the dollar
our Christmas nec
new shapes, new pa
the smar

amas, \$1.65
for these—save now

ilk frogs to match

Hosiery

these days—stripes,
Christmas display
and silk fiber socks

Gloves

our will assure you the
s of all kinds. This

Mufflers

dress wear, yes, really
sized for Xmas-giving.

descised on Second Page.)

Editorial.

GLISH PRESS COMMENT
ON CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

ONDON, Dec. 10.—The Anglo-French forces have commenced a general retirement from Southern Serbia and it is suggested that the next stage is the region of Salona. This retirement was necessary not only by the superior forces of the Bulgarians and Germans, but also to a threat of encircling movement from Peć, where the Bulgarians have arrived and also to danger to their communication from Bulgarian forces who had crossed the Greek frontier.

Both the British and the French, who are well supplied with armoured machine guns, engaged in a day's battle in which they inflicted heavy losses on the Bulgarians. After attack was repulsed, but the Bulgarians still came on and the British had to new positions where the day before were repulsed.

WHAT WILL GREECE DO?

A question now arises whether the Greeks and Germans will follow him across the Greek frontier and the Greek government will adopt King Constantine.

(Continued on Second Page.)

AMERICAN HELD
BY THE BRITISH.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

ONDON, Dec. 10.—Edward Weinacht, formerly London manager of the Adams Express Company, who was recently committed to jail to await trial on a charge of trading with an enemy country, was today, with Douglas Simpson Deans, a British subject, also formerly employed by the Adams Express Company, charged with conspiring together to trade with the enemy.

Editorial.

AMERICAN HELD
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ONDON, Dec. 10, 12:55 p.m.—The speech of the German Chancellor, Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, in the Reichstag yesterday, is commented on extensively by the London newspapers this afternoon.

The Chancellor's utterances are described editorially as "colorless" and "dull" and as an attempt to present a picture of Germany waging a defensive war against enemies who would encircle and starve her.

The newspapers characterize the Chancellor's arguments in regard to the analogy between the trial and the trial of the German invaders of Belgium.

The Belgian king has gone to Belgium on the invitation of the Belgian government to bring assistance to a neighbor, say France or Holland, which had been attacked by another power, say ourselves, and had found itself in difficulties through a sudden change of policy.

Belgium's king, the analogy might have been argued. Whatever may happen in Greece, the history and nature of the two transactions have not the slightest resemblance.

The Chancellor must be aware that our attempt to bring assistance to Belgium in the face of the German government by mutual concessions, between different states, were perfectly open and above board, however ineffective they proved against the superior invader.

It is a position which Germany was in a position to force the world to accept.

If, when the reckoning comes, Germany is in a position to show an equally clean sheet in dealing with Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania, she will have less on her conscience than we have reasons for supposing."

The opinion is expressed by the Globe that Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech should be pleasant reading for the allies. It adds:

"We hope his confidence is not assumed."

Referring to the remarks of the Chancellor in regard to carrying on the war until the triumph of Germany, it is conceded the Globe says:

"That is good news. What was to be dreaded was that he might rise to a high conception of the German power and violate the rights of other nations. That Germany is weak and will merely lead to an unpleasant surprise in the spring at which Germany hopes to surpass her enemies."

The object of the Reichstag debate, standard of course, is to stimulate the German spirit which will make these possible.

The Pall Mall Gazette thinks the editor of the German Chancellor's speech in its omission. It con-

sidered Germany, according to the editor, has beaten everybody and no one can compete with her.

With other factors, neither the burden nor the inconveniences of the conflict can be denied.

Commenting on "the clumsy attempt of the allies to win over the German neutral powers and to compromise their claims on behalf of Belgium with their current behavior to Greece," the Pall Mall Gazette says:

The Chancellor omits from the portion of the speech which would seem to compromise the argument—such as that the Greek government is not to blame for the preparations for defending a treacherous attack if cir-

Mystery.

NEUT.-COL. BROMWELL
KILLS SELF AT HONOLULU.

(BY PACIFIC CABLE.)

HONOLULU, Dec. 10.—Lieut.-Col. Charles S. Bromwell, head of the Army Engineer Corps here, fatally wounded himself to death two hours after his arrival in the United States.

He and Mrs. Bromwell and their son are in the United States, the latter is attending school. He was alone in his residence when the shooting occurred.

Colonel Charles Summers Bromwell, 55, has been in extensive service in the

(Continued on Fourth Page.)



SATURDAY MORNING

DECEMBER 11, 1915.

The Great War.

ALLIES QUIT
IN SERBIA.

May Make Saloniki
Their Base.
Hidden Move of Bulgarians
Threatens Their Line of
Communication.

Decisive Battle on Greek Soil
Predicted as a Result of
Retirement.

Arabs Gain the Ascendancy
Over British Forces in
Mesopotamia.

Buy Red Cross Stamps at
Hamburger's Main Floor.

ckwear t 65c

best lot of men's fin
kwear of the dollar
our Christmas nec
new shapes, new pa
the smar

amas, \$1.65
for these—save now

ilk frogs to match

Hosiery

these days—stripes,
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SATURDAY MORNING.

Last Minute
SH EAGER
JOIN ARMY.Storm the Enlistments
in London.Anxious to Avoid the
Time of Conscription.Period of Recruiting
an Ends Today.

ATLANTIC CABLE AND P. T.

N. Dec. 10.—The rush

of men, who desire to be

a sign of being forced

into the service, has

continued today, the

one of the trial period

of Derby's recruiting

at the recruiting

as early as 5 o'clock this

morning there all day.

The investigation of

the time limit for

the volunteer system

appears to have

been a great many

of men who have

been recruited

and caused them to be

recruited.

The scenes at the

venues are entirely

different from those

during Secretary

Knox's time. In the

days of the war

made by recruiting

agents of handling the

application for

a volunteer system

is now

the same as that of

the Earl of Derby.

The investigation

of the Earl of Derby

is also favored.

REBATE CHARGE NOT PROVEN.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—No basis

for the charge that the United

Steel Corporation has received

enormous rebates from railroads

during the last six years

has been found in the

annual report of the Interstate

Commerce Commission.

The investigation

of the charge that the

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For Glory.
AY FOR
PREP TITLE.

Meets Whittier at
Occidental Field.

ship of South is at
Stake Now.

vens Have Powerful
Football Machines.

all teams of Pasadena and
High Schools are to play this afternoon
at Washington Park. It is the last
game for the Intercollegiate
of Southern California
Occidental Field.

these high school eleven
through the season will
defeat chalked against
them they have not
all the other teams of
U.C. and the others.
Glendale, Pomona and Occidental.

has played by far the
best and met for the
team. Poly. Manual
High Schools number
have fallen before it.

Glendale goal line has not
been in action. It has not
had any home game. Poly
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of the men who have
put in their time.

High School has played in
league, meeting such teams
as Harvard, South High
All of these fell to
the Glendale.

is boosted as an almost
working machine that has
whole team advancing the
game.

is a strong defensive line
a brilliant player. The
is always slipping away.
is not the entire Pasadena
Card. Chico and Mc-
Seay of Pasadena has
Sundays and weeks
for the first time in
month. He said last night he
will pleased with the
men.

are in much better condition
are against Pomona and
a much better showing
and the men that vouch for that
assurance are backing their
with the shiny lucre which
they have the courage of
their convictions.

Whittier townspersons are just
as excited and just as enthusiastic as
U.C. students. They held a
bonfire last night and burned
fireworks in effigy. They are
down with the team a whole town
out to have money to buy
and closed down and have not
seen since they gave Pomona a
thrashing. The Whittier back field
is a hard man
up, some say he is to McGinnis.
McGinnis, he has
been working hard and buried the
everwhere. The Quakers line
tackle to tackle, is formidable
at the ends are shifty and sure
shades.

on the other hand, has a
line. Held that is light and
Len Livernash has been able to
through every line he has had
out to him this season, while
Majestic, Moseley and Holloman
are good in the open field. Holloman
throws almost a perfect
for the Whittier High School
a maneuver, rarely in
the Whittier College.

The little town was in
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DEMOCRATS TO CAUCUS.
BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The re-
signment of Mark Daniel as general
superintendent of national parks and
the appointment of Robert B. Mar-
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Department of the Interior. Mr.
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NAVIGATION CHANGES.
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WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Changes
in navigation and inspection laws
suggested by the Eastland disaster
were proposed today by Senator
Fletcher. Provision for a board of
naval architects to approve plans for
steamers in the merchant marine and
for appeals from decisions of local
inspectors to the Secretary of Com-
merce are among the innovations of
the measure.

POST OFFICE ROBBED.

WAPATO (Wash.) Dec. 10.—The
Wapato postoffice was robbed last
night. The outer door of the safe
was opened on the combination and the
inner door was forced with a charge of
nitro glycerine. Between
\$3000 and \$4000 in stamps of all
denominations up to 20 cents was taken
and between \$100 and \$200 in cash.
(Ct. club).

WOMEN LABORERS
WORK IN HOLLAND.

FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.
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SANTA CRUZ (Cal.) Dec. 10.—The
California State Fish and Forest
Protective League met here to-
night with delegations from the State
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organizing, the league adjourned until
tomorrow, when it was expected much
business would be disposed of.

DECORATED BY MISTAKE.

British Officer Given Reward Intended for Another, Killed Before Award is Cancelled.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—A pathetic
case of decoration by mistake has
come to light in the case of the late
Lieut. J. A. Munson of the Royal
West Surrey Regiment. The name of
this young officer had been confused
with the name of another officer for
whom the reward was intended, so
the London Gazette of June 23, last,
stated that Lieut. Munson had been
recommended for the Victoria Cross.
On July 24, the War Office, having
discovered the mistake, cancelled the
award. But Lieut. Munson never
lived to receive the cancellation. He was
killed in action five days previously.

INCOMES TAXABLE.

TRUST FUNDS INVOLVED.
BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The Com-
missioner of Internal Revenue ruled
today that income from trust estates
paid out by fiduciaries is subject to the
income tax as part of the beneficiaries' incomes.

Where the terms of the
trust provide that the estate shall be
kept intact, deduction from gross
income will be allowed to cover de-
preciation of property where the sums
deducted are applied to make good the
depreciation.

LIKE WILSON'S MESSAGE.
BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

BUENOS AIRES (Argentina) Dec.
15.—Argentine newspaper speak in
eulogistic terms of President Wilson's
message. La Prensa regards it as be-
ing equal in importance to the enun-
ciation of the Monroe doctrine.

DUNDEE WINS
FROM WELLS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

NEW HAVEN (Ct.) Dec. 10.—
Johnny Dundee shaded Matt
Wells in a spirited twelve-
round bout here tonight. The
fighting was fairly even
throughout, with Dundee the
aggressor. The weights were:
Dundee, 129; Wells, 125.

A Battle.
POETS TACKLE
TROJANS TODAY.

Only Game Between U.S.C.
and Conference.

Methodists Claim Remarkable
Improvement.

Both Teams Backed Heavily
to Win.

The U.C. and Whittier football
game will be played this afternoon
at Washington Park. It is the last
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and the conference college that the
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TRUST FUNDS INVOLVED.
BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The Com-
missioner of Internal Revenue ruled
today that income from trust estates
paid out by fiduciaries is subject to the
income tax as part of the beneficiaries' incomes.

LIKE WILSON'S MESSAGE.
BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

BUENOS AIRES (Argentina) Dec.
15.—Argentine newspaper speak in
eulogistic terms of President Wilson's
message. La Prensa regards it as be-
ing equal in importance to the enun-
ciation of the Monroe doctrine.

DUNDEE WINS
FROM WELLS.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

NEW HAVEN (Ct.) Dec. 10.—
Johnny Dundee shaded Matt
Wells in a spirited twelve-
round bout here tonight. The
fighting was fairly even
throughout, with Dundee the
aggressor. The weights were:
Dundee, 129; Wells, 125.

BILLY JORDAN
IS RALLYING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—
"Billy" Jordan, the veteran
ring announcer, who has
been in bad health for a long
time, was operated on at a
local hospital today and it was
announced tonight that he had
come through the ordeal in good
shape.

FAST BOUTS AT
ALDRIDGE CLUB.

Young Midget defeated Jack Ross in
a fast four-round bout at the Aldridge
Athletic Club last night. The
match was the final on that boxing
club's programme and down on pa-
per as for the championship of the
south at 113 pounds. Anyway, it was
a rip-snorting affair with plenty of
action and a couple of bloody noses.

The feature of the bill was the
slashing character of the bouts. There
was real action and old-time Vernon
goes to the new. The only thing
that was missing was Harry
Burns and a boo or two.

The other bouts were as follows:
Jack Lester beat Roy Brown, Tony
Ross won from Felix Lamar, Sammy
Patterson beat Fred Farnham, and a
surprise Harry Atwood tore into Kid
Sandy and Young Rossell, knocked
poor Vic Waddey out cold in the
second round.

RIVERS AND HARBORS.

NATIONAL CONGRESS RE-ELECTS ALL
INCUMBENTS AND ASKS FOR MINIMUM
RATE CHARGES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—President
Joseph F. Ransdell of Louisiana,
Secretary S. A. Thompson of Wash-
ington and all the other principal
officers of the National Rivers and
Harbors Congress were re-elected at
today's session.

Resolutions were adopted request-
ing Congress to appropriate to the
Interstate Commerce Commission to fix
minimum as well as maximum rates.

Ben H. Hopkins, a Cleveland cap-
italist, is negotiating for the club, but
I cannot say at this time just how far
I have got. One thing is as-
sumed, though. The administration
mainly in Cleveland, the club will be
strengthened in every weak spot, and a
new manager chosen. When his
name is announced I'll guarantee the
public will be astonished.

Somers, during his fifteen years ex-
perience in the business, has made
immense sums of money in the game.
According to Johnson, the Cleveland
plant alone represents an outlay of
\$100,000, while \$150,000 was sunk in
Swayne Field, Toledo, long since dis-
closed. Still another chunk, approximately
\$100,000, was expended in the New
Orleans plant and about \$12,000 addi-
tional went back to the Waterbury
(Ct. club).

ESTHER MCNEILL
AMONG WOUNDED.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The
Washington Postoffice was robbed last
night. The outer door of the safe
was opened on the combination and the
inner door was forced with a charge of
nitro glycerine. Between
\$3000 and \$4000 in stamps of all
denominations up to 20 cents was taken
and between \$100 and \$200 in cash.
(Ct. club).

WOMEN LABORERS
WORK IN HOLLAND.

NAVIGATION CHANGES.
BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Changes
in navigation and inspection laws
suggested by the Eastland disaster
were proposed today by Senator
Fletcher. Provision for a board of
naval architects to approve plans for
steamers in the merchant marine and
for appeals from decisions of local
inspectors to the Secretary of Com-
merce are among the innovations of
the measure.

POST OFFICE ROBBED.

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the measure.

DECORATED BY MISTAKE.

British Officer Given Reward Intended for Another, Killed Before Award is Cancelled.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—A pathetic
case of decoration by mistake has
come to light in the case of the late
Lieut. J. A. Munson of the Royal
West Surrey Regiment. The name of
this young officer had been confused
with the name of another officer for
whom the reward was intended, so
the London Gazette of June 23, last,
stated that Lieut. Munson had been
recommended for the Victoria Cross.
On July 24, the War Office, having
discovered the mistake, cancelled the
award. But Lieut. Munson never
lived to receive the cancellation. He was
killed in action five days previously.

INCOMES TAXABLE.

TRUST FUNDS INVOLVED.
BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

Religious.

PREACHER FROM THE CATACOMBS.

Will Tell of Recent Events in War-torn France.

Notable Music and Sermon at Bible Institute.

General News of the Local Religious Field.

Dr. William Horace Day will preach in the First Congregational Church tomorrow morning on "Brains in Religion," pointing out that by the intelligent use of the religious opportunities of the next four months every Christian in Los Angeles can raise his discipleship to a new level of efficiency and power. He will declare that success in religion, as in business, demands the use of brains, and that narrow-chested, stoop-shouldered soul life is quite as bad as these conditions in bodily life.

In the evening Rev. Stuart L. Roussel, an Pastor who came from the Evangelical Reformed Church of France, will speak. He belongs to one of the oldest Protestant families in the south of France, was in Rheims at the time of its bombardment and preached to congregations who had taken refuge in the catacombs there.

As a lecturer and missionary on behalf of work among the young, he has traveled far and wide, preaching for continents and preaching in the bush of South Africa, in India and Ceylon as well as in many European capitals. He brings with him the endorsement of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America and has been held in some of the most prominent churches in the East.

His address will be illustrated by many striking stereopticon views of recent events in the war-torn districts of France. His daughter, Miss Blanche Roussel, will appear in the picturesque Alsatian costume and will sing some of the songs of sunny France.

ADVENT SERMON.

ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL. Rev. Randolph Leigh, who was ordained to the deaconate a few weeks ago by Bishop H. C. St. John in New York City, and who has been placed in charge of the Episcopal churches of the Imperial Valley, will preach at the morning services tomorrow at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral. He is a graduate of the University of the South and of the General Theological Seminary.

Tomorrow evening Dean MacCormack will continue the course of advent sermons begun two weeks ago, his topic being "The State of the Blessed Departed."

HELL.

WHAT SORT OF PLACE? "Hell"—Its Certainty and What Sort of Place It Is," will be the Sunday night topic of Dr. R. A. Torrey, at the Church of the Open Door, working on Broadway between 10th and 11th streets. The largest congregation since the organization of the church greeted Dr. Torrey last Sunday night, to hear his sermon on infinity, and the public is cordially invited to occupy the 4000 free seats again tomorrow night. His subject will be "How to Study the Bible."

STILL A COMEDIAN. "FROM STAGE TO PULPIT." Capt. Charles H. Stanley, a comedian on the stage of Southern California twenty years ago, will tell his thrilling story of his life tomorrow afternoon at St. Paul's Sunday Afternoon Church, Eighteenth street and Union avenue. His subject will be "Behind the Scenes."

WHAT CAPT. STANLEY IS. He is still a comedian and his audience are frequently convulsed with laughter. He sings several songs of his own composition among them being "Serving the Lord in My Weak Way" and "You Must Unload." At this meeting he will also introduce some of his later songs.

PLANING NEW CHURCH. HOLLYWOOD CONGREGATIONAL. The Hollywood Congregational Church, which holds services in the Hollywood Theater, has a fund well along for the purpose of buying a lot for a church site. A business meeting will be held soon to decide upon the location.

THE PASTOR. Rev. Ray F. Carter, will preach tomorrow morning on "Some Flights of the Faith." A brass quartette, composed of Miss Odin, Mrs. Homer Gildred, Miss Osbourne and W. A. Hoblit, will play at this service.

WHERE TO GO.

TOMORROW'S CHURCH EVENTS. Rev. Leonard G. Thompson will preach tomorrow morning in the Christian Church at Figueroa street and West Fifty-eighth, and this will be observed as "The First Missionary Day." In the evening there will be an address by Rev. F. M. Rogers, illustrated by stereopticon views.

"The Eyes of the Heart" will be the sermon subject of Rev. William Davis in the Vernon Avenue Congregational Church tomorrow morning. His evening sermon will be on "What the Book of Revelation Teaches."

There will be a communion service in the First Church of the Nazarene, Sixth and Wall streets, tomorrow morning. Rev. C. E. Cornell, will preach on "Some Modern Signs of the Day," his subject being "Indifference." There will be special music by the large choir and orchestra.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF CHRIST" will be the subject of a sermon tomorrow by Rev. Daniel T. Thomas in the Garvanza Congregational Church. In the evening he will speak on "The Ardent Christian."

"The Methodist Forward Movement" will be the subject of Rev. B. C. Cory in the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning. His evening subject will be "Get Down to Business."

Rev. Edward W. Campbell will preach in the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow morning on "God's Boundless Love" and in the evening on "The Companionship of Jesus." His evening subject will be "Character."

Rev. R. W. Abberley will speak in the Magnolia Avenue Christian Church tomorrow morning on "Christ in Prophecy." The evening sermon subject will be "What I Am a Christian." Dr. Elwood Nash will speak in the First Universalist Church tomorrow.

REV. WILLIAM W. SCHLEIMANN, Ph.D., a student of Prof. James in psychology at Harvard University, has just published a book with the title "How the Mind Heals the Sick." He will ad-



Rev. Stuart L. Roussel.

Who preached to war refugees in the Catacombs, and his daughter, Miss Blanche Roussel. They come from the war-torn districts of France, and will speak and sing in First Congregational Church tomorrow evening.

dress the Baptist Ministers' Conference Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock in Bernal Hall, Temple Auditorium, on Hill street.

Dr. Schleimann will be allowed thirty minutes to present the subject of what is meant by Bible healing, and the same time will be allowed for questions from the audience and answers by the speaker. He will maintain that there is genuine healing on the three planes of human life and experience, the three planes being the material, the mental and the spiritual. This meeting is to be open to the public and promises to be of unusual interest. The book just published by Dr. Schleimann was printed by the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House and is a handsome volume.

"MY FIRST SERMON." DR. LOCKE'S THEME. Dr. Charles Edward Locke will speak in the First Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning on "My First Sermon." He will use the same text and describe the circumstances under which he delivered his first sermon in his country schoolhouse in Ohio.

Tomorrow evening he will speak on "Henry Ford's Peace Ship." Among the phases that will be discussed are the following: Is it a fool's errand? Would you have gone if you had been invited? Is Ford a crank and should he not be allowed any good? Is peace in sight? Should we seek peace at any price? Is President Wilson right in advocating national preparedness for war? The vested choir of 100 voices will lead the music at each of these services.

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REV. WILLIAM W. SCHLEIMANN, Ph.D., a student of Prof. James in psychology at Harvard University, has just published a book with the title "How the Mind Heals the Sick." He will ad-

morning in the First United Brethren choir, assisted by other musical talents, will render a special service of song.

At St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Vermont avenue and Thirty-sixth place, Rev. Jesse W. Ball, pastor, will speak at tomorrow morning's service on "The Blessings of Faith in the Promises of God." Topic of the evening sermon, "The Comfort of God's People."

Rev. A. C. Kleflein will preach tomorrow evening in the Lutheran Ohio Synod Mission, No. 1300 West Eighth street. His subject will be presented by motion pictures and Dr. Elwood will answer a number of pertinent questions regarding modern doubt.

Rev. F. C. Kiehnlein will preach tomorrow evening in the First Unitarian Church, 11th and Hill street. There will be a special musical programme.

Rev. F. C. Kiehnlein will speak in the First Heights Congregational Church tomorrow morning on "The Fascination of Jesus." There will also be a communion service. In the evening Rev. E. E. Haring will speak.

"The Good Samaritan" will be the subject of a sermon tomorrow morning by Rev. Frank C. Edwards tomorrow morning in the Belvedere Methodist Episcopal Church, Townsend street, near First. At the 18th and Hill streets, Rev. Herbert Stein, a 16-year-old Mexican boy, will speak.

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JOYLAND DOORS TO OPEN WIDE.

Carnival's Gaieties Begin with a Rush Tonight.

Midgets and Wild West Show Among Star Features.

Santa is to Greet Kiddies; Race for Crown Lively.

With the blare of two big bands of music the Los Angeles Prosperity Carnival and Indoor Fair will open at 6 o'clock tonight in the old Boston Store Building, No. 239 South Broadway. Scores of well-known amusement enterprise promoters, who have been on the scene for more than a week, completed their arrangements last night for the entertainment of the thousands of visitors who will view the features at the carnival during the next thirty days.

The wedding of Mr. Midget and Miss Midget, popular residents of the Midget City, one of the leading attractions of the fair, will be conducted immediately after the merrymaking begins tonight. The prospective bride is 22 inches tall and the groom 22 inches. She is an enthusiastic suffragette and declares she is interested in every movement for the votes-for-women cause.

Princess Winona arrived yesterday with her entourage from Wild West, after a successful run at the San Francisco exposition. The princess was formerly with the 101 Ranch and is well known in Southern California. Daily performance will be given by Miss Winona and her troupe during the carnival.

Hundreds of valuable pigeons and rabbits have been listed among the entries in the rabbit and pigeon show, which will be a part of the fair. Pasadena and Los Angeles clubs will strive for honors in this interesting exhibit.

And there will be a cat show, with all sorts of members of the great feline family. Some of them have been imported for this exhibit and others have been brought from different parts of this country after winning valuable prizes.

The little folks are not to be forgotten by the committees in charge of the carnival programming. One of the biggest Christmas trees ever brought to this city will be installed for their benefit. Santa Claus will distribute toys and other gifts from this big tree to all the kiddies who visit the fair during the holiday week.

Miss Winona, a member of the Women of Woodcraft and the candidate of that organization, was the latest entry yesterday in the contest for coronation honors at the carnival. She entered the race with more than a thousand votives. Miss Eusebia Lotte Piecing still holds the lead in this merry queen contest.

MORE CARE FOR CHILD IS PLEA.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS URGES TEACHERS TO GREATER EFFORT.

Shaping the environment for the child in its leisure hours to provide better protection for its development, and the necessity of deeper co-operation between teachers in the interests of economy to save departmental work threatened by the cut in the budget, were the two topics of the public schools Schools Superintendent Francis yesterday afternoon in an address to more than 1,200 teachers and school workers. The auditorium of the Polytechnic High School was crowded to overflowing.

Supt. Francis characterized it as a pre-Christmas talk. But it was almost entirely a child's welfare speech.

"The time has come throughout the country that we must do more for the best development of the child," he said. "The child's leisure hours must be provided for. If a parent does not see that this leisure time is spent for the best interests of the child, we, the teachers, must lend our hand. If we do not see some other organization must. There are too many evil influences for the child who has the leisure on its own hands."

"We must afford those recreations which will build up character; we must provide for play, music, games, mechanics, drama, library and reading, and offer inducements appropriate to the child. We must provide the place to go, and see that the work is such that the child will choose it and benefit therefrom."

Speaking on the cut in the school budget Mr. Francis pointed out that many lines of work have been undertaken for which the former subsidies was necessary and these are threatened unless there is co-operation and a study of economy.

"Take care of your work, and the finances will take care of itself." There is in us and there will be adjustment.

JAPANESE MAKE A FIND.

Locate a Nipponese Stone in Washington Monument That Even Caretakers did not Know was There.

Very studious Japanese and careful observers are James K. Sakamoto and S. Ishikawa, who arrived in Los Angeles yesterday on a tour of America to get material for forthcoming works in their native tongue on sociological and economic subjects. They found in the Washington Monument at Washington, D. C. an inscribed native Japanese stone that not even the caretaker knew was there and which is mentioned in few descriptive articles concerning the great shaft.

The stone is a small one set in the interior of the shaft about half way up—204 feet from the bottom. Mr. Sakamoto says. He measured it, besides taking a number of photographs of it and a hasty tracing of its inscription. The latter, translated and deciphered from the character of Simina in the province of Iau on the fifth month of the year A.D. 1862. Mr. Sakamoto does not know who made the inscription but he is of the opinion that the stone was brought to this country by Commodore Perry, to whom his story accords chief credit for opening to civilization the gates of the island empire.

The two Japanese are at the Mary-Land Hotel for their two-weeks' stay in Los Angeles. Mr. Sakamoto is a graduate of the University of Minnesota. His tour of study has already occupied three years. He expects to return to Japan ultimately.

In the Brilliant Prosperity Carnival.

A Foothold Gained.

(Continued from First Page.)

gasoline, distillate, horses, mules, hogs, flour, wagons, drugs, cotton, eggs, tires for automobiles, iron and steel, cotton seed, leather, sugar, vegetables and lumber.

Principal exports to various countries: Austria, automobiles, oranges and fuel oil; Nicaragua, malt liquors; Chile, fuel oil; Hawaii, fuel oil, gasoline, distillate and manufactures of cotton; Mexico, hogs, horses, mules, wheat flour, wagons, medicines, cotton, colored cloths, manufactures of cotton, eggs, automobile tires, manufacturers of iron and steel, harness, cotton seed, sugar, beans and lumber.

The following table shows the comparative value of imports and exports during November, 1915, as compared with the same month in 1912, before the beginning of the war:

Country	1912.	1915.
Austria	\$ 1,792	1,792
Belgium	4,751	3,684
France	32,684	8,858
Germany	28,792	7,757
Italy	4,275	1,074
Russia	24,556	3,261
England	268,704	279,142
Canada	30,710	39,412
Mexico	112,288	29,870

EXPORTS

Country	1912.	1915.
Canada	\$ 2,453	9,860
Costa Rica	100	252
Honduras	100	252
Nicaragua	100	1,287
Mexico	75,119	124,808
Chile	18,858	44,969
Hawaii	100	37,390
France	100	175
New Zealand	100	2,400
England	2,922	2,556
Netherlands	500	500
Germany	2,400	2,400
Norway	500	500
Belgium	2,400	2,400
Australia	665	665

BANKRUPT'S TRAGEDY.

A tragedy in domestic life was repeated yesterday in a bankruptcy petition filed by C. E. Carpenter, a book-keeper of this city. He gave his全部 to 11 physicians in Denver and Los Angeles. His wife had been ill for a number of years before her death. His assets are given as \$250, all exempt.

FEATURE PICTURES.

The feature picture at the Woody Theater during the coming week will be Edgar Allan Poe's masterpiece, "The Raven," in film form.

WHOLE COUNTY ONE COMMUNITY

WOULD BRING ALL NEARER TO HEART OF CITY.

Electric Railway Head Tells of Two Great Improvements Which are Thwarted by Increased Taxes and Decreased Earnings Due to Practically Untaxed Jitneys.

Making Los Angeles city and county one great community, with very few towns of importance more than forty minutes from the heart of the city, is contingent on two improvements, declared President Shoup of the Pacific Electric yesterday in an address before the Proximo Club.

"Construction of the elevated road back of the Pacific Electric station," he said, referring to the Main-street terminal, "connecting with the private right of way beyond the river and with the private right of way of the Long Beach line, would easily revolutionize our service and bring the western and southern parts of the Los Angeles county much nearer in the matter of time to the heart of the city."

"We're earning prospects such that we could build the subway to the west, that, in connection with the elevated, would indeed make Los Angeles a city and county one great community, with very few towns of importance more than forty minutes away from the heart of the city."

However, increased taxes and growing competition by motor vehicles, Mr. Shoup stated, have made serious inroads on the earnings of the Pacific Electric. He estimated the road's taxes for the year ending June 30, 1916, at \$518,000, an increase, based on gross revenue, of from 4 per cent to 5 1/2 per cent in three years.

Speaking of the disposition to heap blame on the railroads, he said, "I don't think that this is the case."

"The Pacific Electric has contributed \$1,420,000 toward the construction and maintenance of good roads and streets in the territory served by its lines, and this without reference to the reduced rates made for the movement of road-making material for the county and State."

"It's getting along toward Christmas—be sure you see those irresistible California Gift Packages. Every day the crowds grow larger at our Sixth and Broadway Store—for Californians appreciate that no gift can more appropriately convey the happy, golden, sunshiny California Christmas Spirit to those "Back East" than a beautiful basket overflowing with a bountiful assortment of the wonderful products of our groves and orchards. Better "Shop Early"—come down TODAY. Christmas is almost here when you consider the time for the Gifts to travel. Just tell us "how many" and "where to"—we attend to the rest—packing, shipping, etc. At prices named we prepay Express Charges to any Express Office in the United States—guaranteeing Safe Delivery of the Gift."

LEVNE'S

"Where Prices are Lowest for Safe Quality."

Did You Attend to Ordering Those Gifts?

It's getting along toward Christmas—be sure you see those irresistible California Gift Packages. Every day the crowds grow larger at our Sixth and Broadway Store—for Californians appreciate that no gift can more appropriately convey the happy, golden, sunshiny California Christmas Spirit to those "Back East" than a beautiful basket overflowing with a bountiful assortment of the wonderful products of our groves and orchards. Better "Shop Early"—come down TODAY. Christmas is almost here when you consider the time for the Gifts to travel. Just tell us "how many" and "where to"—we attend to the rest—packing, shipping, etc. At prices named we prepay Express Charges to any Express Office in the United States—guaranteeing Safe Delivery of the Gift.

HOME 10651 H. JEVNE CO. BROADWAY 4900 TWO COR. SIXTH & BROADWAY STORES 208-10 SO. SPRING STREET

Doubtful? A Merchandise Order.



A Choice of Two Choice Gifts Smoking Jackets Lounging Robes

Add to HIS comfort and you make him happy. Thoughtful consideration is displayed in the selection of either of these two gifts.

Smoking Jackets

Wool, silk or velvet in browns, blues, greens, reds, checks and plaids. Braid bound collars, pockets, cuffs and lapels—an enormous selection in sizes 35 to 46.

\$5.00 to \$25.00

Lounging Robes

Silk, broadcloth, blanket cloth or terry cloth robes—fastened with silk cords, belts or buttoned. Pockets and collars braid bound.

\$3.50 to \$50.00

Harris & Frank
437-443 SOUTH SPRING ST.
Known For Better Values

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915
Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

The Food Drink Without a Fault

Made of high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended and manufactured by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals; it is absolutely pure and wholesome, and its flavor is delicious, the natural flavor of the cocoa bean.

The genuine bears this trade-mark, and is made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Gift Givers

Big Saving SALE

Here you will find a wondrous variety of useful and acceptable gifts for "him" at genuine reduction from normal prices. A visit will convince you of the wonderful economy of our Christmas gifts that we are showing early.

Give "Him" a Hat Order

There are gifts and gifts—but none more appreciated by him than an order for a Siegel hat. The name Siegel is "his" of correct style and proper fit.

Shirts

High-grade silk four-in-hands in extreme and conservative patterns, and patterns, \$1.00 cents. \$1.00 extra quality silk shirts in various designs and colors. \$1.00 heavy all silk neckwear in exclusive patterns and extra wide ends. \$2.00 imported silk ties made from exceptionally heavy and fine quality satin stripes, \$1.00. \$2.00 guaranteed all silk shirts with satin stripes, a most exclusive gift, in manly colors and pattern creations. A special purchase of mill run ends permits us to sell these for the unusual price of \$2.00.

You can find just what will make "his" Christmas happy at Siegel's.

Siegel's

349 S. SPRING

LETTERS TO THE TIMES

THE TIMES</p

SATURDAY MORNING.

co, 1915
go, 1915

Cocoa
but a Fault
fully blended and
process, without
pure and whole-
natural flavor of the
made only by
Co. Ltd.
RCHESTER, MASS.

ers'
ALE
find a wondrous array
acceptable gifts in
line reduction from
a visit will convince you
of the wonderful economy in the
things that we are showing.

Hat Order
more appreciated by "his"
Siegel is "his" assumes

Other Hints
high grade silk hose in all colors
and sizes \$2.50.
2.50 men's long-neck collars
in many colors, \$2.50.

IMPORTED CAPS
in various fabrics and patterns, \$1 to \$2.
Also handkerchiefs, hats, pajamas,
underwear, canes, collar buttons and
full dress sets.

gel's
PRING

WIFE'S CHEER RESTORES HIM.
WOMAN FATHER TRYING DAY AT
HERBAND'S SIDE.

Started to Cut in Receiving Hos-
pital. Who had Prepared for
His Own Death is Brought Back
to Hospital by Patient. Efforts of
the

Apparently returned to sanity fol-
lowing a night of cursing fate be-
cause he had been thwarted in his
desire to join his dead little daughter
in another world. Benjamin M.
Birch, the motorman who argued
with police and railway officials for
several hours Thursday in his home
and then sought to stop an apparent
suicide attempt, passed a quiet day
yesterday chained to a cot in the Re-
ceiving Hospital. Mrs. Martha Mosley
and wife, who survived her mother
and daughter when the trio formed
a suicide pact the 23rd of last August,
battled the chained man trying to
get him out of dangerous
condition.

It was a hard day for both man
and wife. On his cot, Mr. Birch
had to follow the charitable con-
ditions forced upon his wife. For a
good part of the future, then
and inevitably the conversa-
tion would be the subject of little
of his little daughter Grace. Finally
yesterday broke down completely.

"I believe it happened I have
been thinking my little girl should
be with her grandmother," he
said. "But I had no intention of
leaving myself until I opened her lit-
tle box while changing it from one
to another. When I saw her
little face, my mind must have
been on a tangent."

He followed in all sense in my
mind. When I get home my wife
will try to live the memory

J. A. Bryant, physician of the
Southern Railway Company, the
station employing Mr. Birch, said
yesterday he had been sent to the
station for observation, and
would have been followed
by the patient by evening shown
no memory that it was thought
to him home. He was re-
laxed and accompanied Mrs. Mosley
home at No. 897 East Sev-

LETTERS TO
"THE TIMES."

\$150 up

Fine Variety

Staub's
The Popular Price Shoe Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY

Eveready Lites.
\$1.25

Woolly Horse Electric Co.
The Electric Shop
JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM
THIRD & MAIN

ALFALFA
Carload lots arriving daily.
Lowest prices.

Flory Hay and Grain Company,
301-15 Macy St.

Do you want music in your
home? Never was a better
time than now to buy a piano
or Autopiano. Bartlett Music
Co. offer Christmas prices on
any new piano. Do not fail to
investigate. Just opposite
City Hall. Don't delay.

"I seen Max Maikafer in the subway this morning," said Louis Birsky the real estater, to Barnett Zapp, the waist manufacturer---

And then the fun started. All the same
"Potash & Perlmutter."

MONTAGUE GLASS

whose "Potash & Perlmutter" stories in The Saturday Evening Post are still making people laugh and whose characters have been put into two plays, has created Birsky and Zapp, two new characters, for

The Sunday Times

The first of the series will appear Tomorrow Morning.
A Tremendous Hit.

Montague Glass has never before written for a newspaper, and in adding this exclusive feature to the already big list of things you get on Sundays, The Times is once more demonstrating that whenever a subject is to be treated—whether it is international politics, music, the stage, the war, finance, books, sports, or general news, or amusing specialties, the best qualified man (or woman) is chosen.

Begin this series at the start. If you speak to your newsdealer now he will see that you do not miss a single Sunday's laugh.

The Sunday Times

*First to Last—
The Truth:*

*News—
Editorials—
Advertisements*

Also "Mutt and Jeff"

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Los Angeles Times

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.
Daily and Sunday, Illustrated Week and Monthly.
Monthly Magazine, Yearly, \$1.00.
52 Cent Postage, Daily Postpaid.
Dec. 4, 1915—52d Year.
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TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

(At Home.) Complaints of deferred buying have ceased, and in their place comes reports of difficulty in meeting the expanding requirements of the domestic trade. In many lines the consumptive demand is far in excess of the supply. The concentration of freight cars, loaded with goods of all kinds, is growing worse, and railroads are finding themselves pushed to the limit to meet requirements of shippers. Exports, despite the shortage of vessels, continue to increase, while imports are falling off, indicating that home goods are being more freely used than ever before.

(For details see financial pages.)

A LITTLE IRONICAL.

An English innkeeper whose hostelry is on the banks of a river has just been awarded \$100 and a Humane Society medal for rescuing seven persons whose boat was overturned. All were of German origin, registered aliens. And to think that a couple of million Englishmen are being paid to see how many Germans they can kill!

TRAINED FOR IT.

John S. Mitchell has been chosen as chairman of the 1916 Orange-Day Committee. That serves him right. He has nearly worked his head off as a member of the various 1916 entertainment committees, and this should just put him in training to do next year's work. Any man who doesn't know any better than to reveal as much capacity for public boasting as Mr. Mitchell has shown deserves a life's sentence.

BOYS AND WINGS.

There is a popular misconception about angels. These creatures do not wear wings and wrestle with one on a ladder or confine themselves to other Biblical stories, nor are they guests that one entertains in large numbers unawares. Angels are small boys who act like the dickens for eleven months in the year, but whose angelhood is perfectly in evidence for three weeks before Christmas.

NERVE.

The Northumberland Miners' Association in England announces that two years ago its funds stood at half a million dollars. But this has all been expended on strikes in the collieries since the war broke out, and they are now bankrupt. They are appealing to the public for subscriptions, and one speaker went so far as to suggest that the government might decently make an appropriation for the purpose. In short, the British are calmly asked to finance a little more trouble.

OPEN TO DISPUTE.

We submit that logic consists of a play on words, practiced by untrained minds. Let us prove it. One man asked another, "What do you know?" The other answered, "I know two things: I know that I know nothing, and I know that I could know less than nothing. You see, I know that I know nothing, and if I were not sure of that knowledge I would know less than nothing." Thus did this reasoner use his knowledge to explain his ignorance while exposing his ignorance to prove his knowledge.

ACTION OF BRITISH COLONIES.

"Ceylon's spicy breezes" are to contribute to the aid of King George in cutting the throats of Germans. The legislative council of the Colony of Ceylon has contributed \$500,000 a year for ten years to assist Great Britain to defray the cost of the war.

But "Africa's sunny fountains" are not so lavish in donation of simoleons for war purposes. Advances from Cape Town are to the effect that the House of Assembly there is urging a policy of amnesty, although Sir Thomas Smartt insists that amnesty would imperil the state.

SENTIMENTAL BOSH.

A Maryland girl and a druggist who was married man formed a suicide pact because they were talked about. The man died and the girl is not expected to recover. Meanwhile the wife is made a widow under these saddest of circumstances. The man left a note in which he eulogized the girl in the case as a high-minded, innocent child. If she was, she was getting a bad start in taking a married man seriously enough to allow him to shoot her and himself. The tragedy of the wife is that she had given her life for a man of no great worth only to find that she did not have the little amount of character, purpose and affection which he possessed. It is always a tragedy to give much for little and then awaken to find that you did not have that.

FEROUCIOUS STATESMEN.

The Chancellor, who is the mouthpiece of the German government, when asked in the Reichstag for his terms of peace replied that they must first "tear the mask from the face of Great Britain," and a British Cabinet officer, when asked a similar question, answered that they must first crush Germany and deprive her of military.

It will not be forgotten that during our Civil War the draft dodgers of both armies did not sue for peace. They were eager for a continuation of the war. They desired—like Job's war horse—to "smell the battle from afar off"—just as far off as possible. The present European war is not unlike the southerner's description of the struggle made by the Confederacy. He said it was "the rich man's war and the poor man's fight."

UNFAIRNESS TO OLD MEN AND THE PUBLIC.

In all his meddlesome and unscrupulous life as Chief Forester, as agent of the Pocahontas Coal Company, and as a pretentious conservator of coal lands and timber lands and oil lands Gifford Pinchot has never menaced any important industry of the country with greater or more undeserved disaster than that which, in accordance with his policy, if not at his direct instigation, now threatens the great oil industry of California.

All oil lands patented by the government were acquired under the laws governing the location and working of placer claims, although the government, prior to September 27, 1909, never exacted compliance with that provision of the mining law which, in the case of both quartz and placer claims, requires discovery of mineral as a condition precedent to a valid location.

In the case of oil, discovery prior to location was impossible, for an expenditure of \$50,000 or more in drilling to depths of 3000 feet or more was often necessary in order to ascertain the oil-bearing value of the land.

On the 27th of September, 1909, President Taft temporarily withdrew from all terms of location, settlement, selection, filing, entry or disposal under the mineral or non-mineral public land laws certain lands in the oil district in Kern county, California, aggregating 3,641,000 acres.

Those who had located such lands in accordance with the placer mining laws, by marking boundaries, recording notices of location and beginning development work by drilling, naturally supposed that the order of withdrawal did not affect their claims because the lands withdrawn were no longer "public lands," having lost that character by virtue of being segregated from the public domain by the fact of location, followed by development work largely in excess of the \$100 per annum of work required by the mining law.

Congress refused to ratify the withdrawal order of President Taft, and it was believed by many lawyers that the order was one beyond his power to make, and was invalid. President Taft, in his annual message to Congress, expressed doubts as to its validity; the Attorney-General's office pronounced it void; no attempt was made for over five years to interfere with operators who proceeded in the belief that the order would not be enforced and who openly and with the full knowledge of the Department of the Interior spent tens of millions of dollars in developing the lands.

In the meantime (on June 25, 1910,) the Pickett bill was passed giving the President authority to do what it was believed he had done without authority in September, 1909, in other words, authorizing him, at any time in his discretion, to temporarily withdraw any of the public lands of the United States, and providing that such withdrawal shall remain in force until revoked by him or by an act of Congress.

The Pickett bill provided "That the rights of any person who, at the date of any order of withdrawal heretofore or hereafter made, is a bona fide occupant or claimant of oil or gas-bearing lands, and who, at such date, is in diligent prosecution of work leading to discovery of oil or gas, shall not be affected or impaired by such order, so long as such occupant or claimant shall continue in diligent prosecution of said work."

It was further provided that, with respect to claims located after the order of withdrawal, such should not be abridged, enlarged, recognized or affected by the law.

The Pickett act seemed to settle the question so far as claims located before the order of withdrawal of September, 1909, was concerned, and to leave for dispute only those which had been located after that date, as many claims had been on the theory that President Taft's order of withdrawal was invalid.

After five years' delay, during which time millions had been expended, flourishing towns built up and 250 oil-producing companies placed in operation, with a pay roll of over \$1,000,000 per annum, suddenly, on February 23, 1915, like thunder out of a clear sky, came a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of five to three, not only confirming President Taft's withdrawal order, but holding that, since Congress had not in the Pickett act expressly disapproved the order, it should be considered valid.

And now the government says that the companies which, at the date of President Taft's order, had not yet actually struck oil, although they were expending tens of thousands of dollars in boring for it, had not made the "discovery" required by the mining law, and, not having made it, had acquired no title to the land. And the government, on this theory, is now proceeding to bring suits to forfeit these claims and place receivers in charge of the properties, and even claim judgments against the oil operators for the value of the oil which has been extracted.

The remedy suggested by the Oil Industry Association of California is to give to the oil men their developed lands just as before September 27, 1909, the government would have promptly patented to an oil miner the quarter-section of land on which he made his discovery. As a temporary withdrawal the order of September 27, 1909, has more than served its purpose. It was never contemplated that it should cause the distress and ruin which is following in its wake. As a conservation measure it can accomplish no more. If strictly enforced it can only be a weapon of destruction and damage. It is being made the basis of a vast and ruinous and costly litigation. The men who created the valuable oil fields of the San Joaquin Valley are entitled to be relieved of such a useless burden and to just treatment. Each company or operator should receive patent for every quarter-section on which discovery has been made or on which work has been continuously and diligently performed since the date when Congress first prescribed continuous work as a necessary condition to patent.

All this can be accomplished by an act of Congress which all the people of California are interested in having passed. Every industry in the State is dependent upon the production and use of oil. The government is claiming and endeavoring to recover 40 per cent. of the producing properties in this State. What will it do with them if it succeeds? The suggestion that the oil might be reserved for naval use is met by the statement of experts that it could not be so

Two Kinds of Christmas Shoppers.



PATTERNS.

BY AMY LOWELL, IN THE LITTLE REVIEW (CHICAGO).

[This poem, one of the most striking examples of modern "verse libre," is pronounced by Mr. W. S. Braithwaite, the distinguished critic, the greatest poem of the year.]

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown,
With my powdered hair and jeweled fan.
I, too, am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the drift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,
Tippling by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only a whooshing and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime-tree. For my mission
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime-tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my
bosom.

And the splashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a
marble basin.
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick she cannot see her lover hiding.
But she guesses he is near.
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a deer
Hand upon her.
What is summer in a fine brocaded gown?
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon
the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the
ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along
the paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter.
I should see the sun flashing from his sword-
hilt and the buckles on his shoes.
I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the patterned
paths.
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-
booted lover.
Till he caught me in the shade,
And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my
body as he clasped me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and the
sundrops,
And the popping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon.
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom

Is a letter I have hid.
It was brought to me this morning by a
rider from the Duke,
"Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord
Hartwell
Died in action Thursday se'nnight."

As I ran in the white, morning sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.

"Any answer, Madam?" said my footman.
"No," I told him.

"See that the messenger takes some refresh-
ment."

No, answer."

And I walked into the garden.

Up and down the patterned paths.

The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly
in the sun.

Each one,

I stood upright, too.

He held rigid to the pattern

By the stiffness of my gown,

Up and down I walked,

Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband,

In a month, here, underneath this lime,

We would have broken the pattern:

He for me, and I for him,

He as Colonel, as I as Lady.

On this shady seat.

We had a whim

That sunlight carried blessing.

And I answered. "It shall be as you have
said."

Now he is dead.

In summer and in winter I shall walk

The patterned garden paths

In my stiff, brocaded gown.

The squills and daffodils

Will give place to pillar roses, and to as-

ters, and to snow.

I shall go

Up and down.

In my gown.

Gorgeously arrayed,

Boned and stayed.

And the softness of my body will be guard-

ed from embrace

By each button, hook and lace,

For the man who should loose me is dead,

Fighting with the Duke in Flanders.

In a pattern called war.

Christ! What are patterns for?

RIPPLING RHYMES.

TRAGEDIES.

The king was riding slowly, reviewings of his troops, when, with a seal unhol, the band sent up some whoops. The sted was much affrighted, the king was scared, alas! and o'er its head he skited, and landed on the grass. And operators trelled the dreadful tidings hurried, by wires and by the green, all o'er a breathless world. To Greenland's icy mountains the dreadful message flew, by Afric's sunny fountains the sweating heathen ran. By many a palmy plain, the news made people shiver, and filled their souls with pain. And as their ire grew larger, we heard the nations sing, "Oh, let us lynch the charger that bucked and threw a king!"

Know all men by these presents, and also by this sign: That day ten thousand peasants were shot and killed like swine. Yea, while that worst of horses indulged in leap and bound, ten thousand nameless cors were plied upon the ground. They lay beside their rifles, all stained with blood and dirt, but who can heed such trifles when royalty gets hurt?

WALT MASON.

Inevitable Result.

[Kansas City Journal:] Of course the people like prosperity under the Wilson administration, but what assurance can the President's friends give that the war would continue through another term?

Baltimore American: Mrs. Gramercy:

What do we need for dinner?

Bridget: Shure, mum, Ol tripped over the rug and we need a new set of dishes.

SATURDAY MORNING

Today's

At 35c

Breaded Lamb

Cream Sauces

<p

By the Staff

mobilize the turkeys

to your Christmas

been definitely

left by Porfirio Diaz

of the California Leg

. To your eyes

what Green

had not loaded

a rolling pin.

ending the latest

there must be a

French stocking

says he is ashamed

of. He has been

November 5, 1912.

of Ohio met his

mate, and the little

bills all ruffled up.

for the pork barrel

. The pork barrel

not part of spars

we do not under

Belgians get all the

the least trouble in

our neighbor, who

is willing to be

entirely divine, speak

words, says there is

a congregation

king in Europe is

bought on the bottom

. The business is likely

(Stationery; South Aisle)

Today's Special Luncheons

At 35c

Breaded Lamb Cutlets
Cream Sauce
Baked Potato
Fruit Jello
Tea, Coffee or Milk

At 50c

Mock Turtle Soup aux Quenelles
Pepper Roast of Oyster (or)
Roast Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Cucumber Salad
"Home-made" Mince Pie
Demi TasseSuggestions in
the Stationery
SectionThese are the good things from
which very many of our patrons are
making their gift selections:

Pen Pencils	\$.10 to \$1.00
Small Notebooks	25c to \$1.00
Binders	25c to \$1.50
Gift Books	10c to \$7.50
Stationery Cards, tags, seals	5c to 25c
Labels, packages	5c to 25c
Children's Books	25c to \$1.50
Postage Mottoes	50c
Smoking Sets, Ash Trays	\$.10 to \$2.50
Handy Books	50c to \$5.00
Binders	25c to \$2.50
Small Sets	\$.15 to \$.50
Small Leather Photograph	\$.15 to \$.50
Albums	\$.15 to \$.50
Mounting Cards	5c to 80c
Leather Cases	\$.10 to \$1.25
Small Tablets	\$.12 to \$.35
Postage Paid, Shopping Lists, Memos, &c.	50c to \$1.00
Bindled leather bindings	\$.10 to \$.50

(Stationery; South Aisle)

we regret it, there is
this world that
there is nothing to do
of a bad situation.

in the course; and by their timely reduction, you can choose better than you had anticipated. The sale occurs now so that people can have these beautiful garments for wear in the holiday season, instead of waiting for a January clearance.

joined to the all
opportunity to decline a
1 million dollars. The
troubles of her ownAdoo says the finance
in the best condition for
he takes no bad
additional sources of revenueAttachments Boy-Ed and
to result in their post
leaving vacant until the
well, we'll try andNatty styles—box jackets, semi-fitted models and
the more elegant cuts, for semi-formal wearing. Sumptuously trimmed with fur, velvet or braid. The variety
of colors is great, of course.

In Finer Suits

Will be offered chiffon velvets, waterfall Vicuna,
velvets and gabardines, all at marked reductions from
first prices.

Suits for Large Women

Are included also, in this sale—garments now \$25 to
\$40, will be sold at \$8.75 to \$28.50.

(Garment Section; Second Floor)

Corsets Among
Practical GiftsA better gift from one woman to her
woman friend can be suggested
as a thoroughly good corset.Usually, if the original choice does
not fit, we will arrange for its exchange

If you prefer, select a Corset Order,

and have the recipient to do her own

Practically our entire stock of models
is here now, offering wonder-
ful choice.

(Corsets; Second Floor)

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Life's Gentler Side—Society, Music, Song and the Dance—The Theater

MOVEMENTS IN SOCIETY.

A DISTINGUISHED visitor in the person of Dr. William Frederick Dade of the State University is due this morning to be the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman and Dr. and Mrs. William Horace Day.

A score of former university men are to gather at the University Club at noon to lunch with Dr. Dade, and tonight Mr. and Mrs. Rodman are to be dinner hosts in his honor. Motor rides to nearer-by places will also add to his special enjoyment.

Dr. Dade has filled many important posts at home and abroad. Just now he is combining his interests in the relief of Belgium and has associated with him the Governor, Dr. Wheeler of the State university, Edward Lawrence Doheny and William May Garland, in a movement to collect warm clothing for the sufferers. He is to tell public meetings in addition to Belgium at Trinity Auditorium tomorrow night, that added support and supplies may be gained.

To Greet Her Friends.

Mrs. Marion Holden Pope, the well-known artist, who has been in San Francisco throughout the exposition, is back in her home in St. Andrews place, and will this afternoon welcome a number of her friends to tea.

At Midweek.

A round robin tennis tournament is the magnet which promises to attract society in numbers to the Midweek Tennis Club tomorrow.

This afternoon tea is to be served

following the polo match, and the usual dinner-dance promises to be es-

specially well attended.

Doll Bazaar Day.

Today is the much talked-of and incidentally well-planned and hard-earned doll bazaar at Hotel Alexandria, on which many of the prominent society leaders have been centering their activities recently that the Children's Hospital might have additional funds. And such an array of the little beauties and babbies of dress have Mrs. J. A. Kaathoven, Mrs. E. C. Moore, Mrs. J. C. Howard, and her assistants, in readiness to be sold to the highest bidder! Most of the film queens have contributed their counterpart in miniature, and dolls of all periods and styles are in the collection.

Miss Brock Bunting is back in a way mistress of the affair, which really was fostered from her home, as are some very worthy charities.

Miss Alice Elliott and a bevy of young buds are to sell flowers during the afternoon, augmented by an invincible list of bachelors for the evening.

The bazaar is to terminate in a ball with buffet supper from 6 to 12. Mrs. J. Fielding Stilton, who returned yesterday from San Francisco where she went to say farewell to the exposition, is to be at the latter, and the Harry Coburn Turners are having a special tea for Mrs. Sam L. Farnsworth Porter with them. Thomas Brown is to entertain Mrs. Hancock Banning at supper, and Lieut. Don Sutton, U.S.A. aviator, up from Corcoran to attend the Kellogg-Fitzgerald wedding, means to do the handsome thing and entertain his party, Mrs. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Perry Story, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Barrows and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams have also asked guests, the affair giving every promise of being es-

pecially brilliant, in addition to adding the dollars to a worthy cause.

Benefit Musical Tea.

Entertainers, art and philanthropy promise to enter into the benefit musical tea which Mrs. Lillian Jones-Simmons will give at her studio, 100-101 Blanchard Building (Hill street entrance,) this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Simmons is making this occasion an opportunity for asking her friends to help collect money for articles for the children of the David and Margaret Home at Lordsburg, some forty children, both boys and girls, being much in need of everything and anything—old and new clothes, toys, etc. A short musical programme is to be given by well-known artists.

MUSICAL EVENTS.

Mme. Johanna Gadski will be heard in her second recital here on her present tour this afternoon at Trinity Auditorium, the programme being especially alluring, with its array of German Lieder and selections from the Wagner operas. The latter will include "Du bist der Lenz" from "Die Walküre" and "Wie Lachend sie mir Lieder singen" from Act I of "Tristan" and "Isolde." Schubert, Franz, Wolf, Strauss, Brahms and Liszt will be among the lesser writers whose music will be heard. There will also be a group of English selections. Mme. Gadski's cold is greatly improved, and she gave an unusually successful recital at Stanford University yesterday. Paul Eissler will be the accompanist and will give several groups of his own compositions. This is likely to be the last opportunity to hear Mme. Gadski for some years to come.

Music at Arrowhead.

Arrangements have been made for special concerts to be given this evening and tomorrow afternoon at Arrowhead Hot Springs for the enjoyment of weekend guests. Mme. Griselda Ward, dramatic soprano; Miss May Gates, violinist, and Miss Marjorie Hicks, pianist, will render the programmes.

TRIANGLE FILMS FOR MAJESTIC.

DEAD, WHEREBY MOROSCO HOUSE IS TO OFFER PHOTO-PLAY. CLOSED.

The Majestic is to be given over to the showing of Triangle motion pictures. This rather astonishing announcement was made yesterday by the Morosco offices here.

This is the result of a big deal that was closed yesterday afternoon after weeks of dickering between the Clune, Auditors and Manager and Manager Morosco. J. L. Kerr, representing a big eastern syndicate, has leased the Majestic for the exploitation of Triangle films. The theater will open on Sunday, December 19, above the regular Triangle program.

"The Bird of Paradise" therefore will not nest at the Majestic, but will be transferred to the Morosco Theater, where the seat sale will begin next Monday.

Theatres—Amusements—Entertainments

CLUNE'S THEATER BEAUTIFUL AUDITORIUM Twice Nights 8:00 PRICES Daily Mats. 2:30 Nights 10-15-25c. Mats. 15-25c.

ALL SEATS RESERVED **Triangle Productions** SEATS NOW SELLING

GRIFFITH INCE SENNETT DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS BESSIE BARRISCALE WEBER AND FIELDS IN "DOUBLE TROUBLE" IN "THE GOLDEN CLAW" IN "THE BEST OF ENEMIES"

CLUNE'S BROADWAY THEATER—528 S. Bdwy. THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL'S Great Play

"A POOR RELATION"

Featuring THOS. JEFFERSON.

QUINN'S SUPERBA. Broadway, Sat. 8th & 9th. Home of the World. Best Photo Play.

TONIGHT ANOTHER ALL-NIGHT SHOW RICHARD BENNETT AND CO-WORKERS IN

Damaged Goods EXTRA SHOWS AT 11 p.m., 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 a.m.

Shows at 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11 p.m.

Prices 10c, 20c, 30c, 50c.

WOODLEY, Theater—SHOWS BEGIN 11, 12:30, 2, 3, 30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30 Carlyle Blackwell and Theodore Roberts in

"Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo"

Next Week—Henry B. Walthall in "THE RAVEN"

PALACE OF PICTURES—Featuring June Keith and "The Man Trail" RICHARD TRAVERS and a Charlie Cartoon Comedy

SYMPHONY THEATER—This Week—614 So. Bdwy. Metro Pictures FRANCIS X. BUSHEEN AND BEVERLY DANE IN PENNINGTON'S CHOICE, SUPPORTED BY J. JEFFRIES AND WELLINGTON PLATNER IN FIVE PARTS.

MILLER'S—THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE WITH FOX PHOTOPALMES Walfinger Comedy. Shows at 11, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15, 6:00, 7:45 and 9:30 p.m.

REPUBLIC—BERT LEVY'S THEATER. ALL S. MAIN ST. Headed by the Cabaret Canines AND HILDA SPONG IN "DIVORCED." Shows at 1 p.m. and 4th.

Sullivan-Censidine Road Show ALL 10c Headed by the Cabaret Canines AND HILDA SPONG IN "DIVORCED."

Shows at 2:30, 4:15, 6:00, 7:45 and 9:30 p.m.

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Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds—Trade—Local Produce Market—Citrus Market

FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TIMES
Los Angeles, Dec. 11, 1915.
Bankers' Committee of the City of Los Angeles, Inc., has been organized with the purpose of securing a loan for the city last year.

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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the City Hall.

CLUB LICENSES IN JEOPARDY.

TWO MORE ORGANIZATIONS ARE NOW CITED.

Police Commission to Try Cases Next Week and Council Orders the City Attorney to Draft a Stringent Ordinance Affecting the Sale of Liquor.

Two more social clubs were cited yesterday to appear before the Police Commission to show cause why their liquor licenses should not be revoked. These clubs are the Italian Club, No. 1017 Wilshire street, and the All Nations Club, No. 120½ South Spring street. Examination of the books of the six other clubs which were brought to the Police Commission was practically completed yesterday and it is likely that similar charges will be placed against the Colored Workingmen's Club, the Theatrical Mechanics Association, Jefferson Club, the Pullman Social Club and the Rex Social Club and these may be brought up before the commission later this week.

The commission took the matter under advisement.

MUNICIPAL BITS.

CITY HALL DOINGS.

City automobiles, excepting those of the police department, must hereafter be marked with the name of the department to which they belong and this designation must be placed under the city seal on the sides of the cars. This order was made by the Council yesterday by the adoption of an amendment to the ordinance regulating the use of city automobiles.

The Council received a request from the Police Commission yesterday for an appropriation of \$720 to provide professional cooks for the city jails, making the request the Police Commission says the cooking is being done by trustees who don't know how to cook and the commission says that \$720 worth of real cooks will save more than \$720 in food for the inmates. The request was referred to the Finance Committee.

The Council was asked yesterday to provide an appropriation of \$50 for safety zone markers and \$30 a month to maintain the white stripes marking safe zones for the protection of pedestrians at the twenty-three street intersections in the business district. In making this request the police department says the plan has been demonstrated a success and the traffic department wants it continued.

THE FIRED FIREMAN.

WELTY GIVES HIS SIDE.

E. E. Welty, discharged from the fire department a year ago for alleged incoordination while he demanded time to consult counsel before pleading to charges preferred against him by Chief Eley, told his side of the story to the Fire Commission yesterday in an effort to induce the commission to accept his action in confirming the action of the Chief. Mr. Welty produced an affidavit from M. E. Hill, formerly a captain in the fire department, saying that Chief Eley had told Hill to "get someone to testify" and that he, man, Paul Save. The Chief denied any such occurrence. Another captain in the department said that Mr. Welty had corrected mistakes in grammar made by other members of the department.

The commission took the matter under advisement.

THE FIREMAN'S STORY.

City automobiles, excepting those of the police department, must hereafter be marked with the name of the department to which they belong and this designation must be placed under the city seal on the sides of the cars. This order was made by the Council yesterday by the adoption of an amendment to the ordinance regulating the use of city automobiles.

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At the Courthouse.

REVEALS DRAMA OF YEARS PAST.

WIFE SUES HUSBAND SHE LEFT OVER A DECADE AGO.

Asks Separate Maintenance from Son of Wealthy La Canada Man, Alleging Sorrow Came with Birth of Daughter Her Spouse Did Not Want.

After the lapse of eleven years, during which time she says she received no support from her husband, Ethel J. Somes brought suit for separate maintenance against Omar Ray Somes yesterday.

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EXPOSITION POSTHOLES.

Census Returns—Los Angeles
Population—New Arrivals—
Incidents in Democracy.Incident of the March 10
General Strike—Administration of
the State—The election of the
new Patriotic League has been
announced, with the first, Tuesday, in
June.It was originally named
the Patriotic League.Incidents of the March 10
General Strike—New Arrivals—
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CALIFORNIA

Illustrated Weekly

TEN CENTS.

THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST.

1781-1915

Lower Santa Ana Canyon.



Blackboard.

\$2.00

! SO Funny!

It's wonderland of toys and

the front and a desk
complete withthe frayed hair
And thethe frayed hair
And the

beast, his wings against the root and expert. A rooster always wants to crows might emulate the example of one or two others of the goodly company who sailed on that peace ship. But surely Miss Addams has been oftentimes a butter-in, and her disposition seems

to be to seek the spot-light. Mr. Bryan did not take passage on Mr. Ford's peace ship, but he will be there all the same, on time, too, unless something unexpected withholds him. We know the "great commoner" is a great butter-in and one of the most persistent seekers of the spot-light among all the conceited people of America.

Seriously, we are deeply concerned about this effort on the part of Mr. Ford and his companions. There is a large American colony in London. They know the sentiment on that side of the water much better than we do here, and they look with deep distress on the propaganda and prophecy failure and loss of caste by Americans.

Some Scrappy Skirts.

THROUGH many generations of skirt-wearing gentlewomen of the world have become accustomed to the hypothesis that their sex can neither run nor fight.

The two propositions seem to be grouped together in popular thought, for no man is accepted as a warrior unless he is also fairly well equipped for running away. In other words, his leg motion should be sure and unimpeded. He may never run away. He may indeed chase the enemy over hill and dale or through brook and fen, but he must be some sprinter and sound of limb and foot.

Now that women's skirts are getting shorter and their breath longer the sex is inhaling the fighting spirit of the men. Having pretty nearly run out of male gun-fodder on the battle lines in the Old World there is a hint that the girls may yet help out.

In France and Germany the women are now doing most everything that belongs to either war or peace except the actual battling in the trenches. In England the dames have quit making fudge and are assembling cartridges and other pernicious munitions of war. They are building guns and learning how to use them. The militant Pankhursts and other impetuous suffragettes after a long period of passiveness are again breaking out in spots. They ceased throwing rocks at the House of Lords or shying soda bottles at the Prime Minister when the great war got under way. Nobody cared to vote anyhow and so that particular propaganda slumped for the moment.

But now that the conduct of the war is being criticised by the men in the street the Pankhurst party has also commenced to blow off steam. The suffragettes have become the most vitriolic censors of the military programme of their country and its leaders. Their tongue-lashings spare neither the King nor Lord Kitchener. Sir Edward Grey is an especial target for their wrath and has been charged with almost everything from dyspepsia to selling his country to the Germans. My! but they make saucy critics. They declare that England's statesmen and soldiers are alike sluggish and incompetent and they go so far as to intimate that the whole blooming war should be turned over to the women for direction and management. They can run wars as well as pink teas.

A war with all its branches and details of service in the keeping of women has not been known since the Amazons were put out of business—and they were some scrappers. If mere leadership is desired, they point with proper pride to the invincible record of Joan of Arc. History is filled with chapters showing how women bear the burdens and responsibilities in times of national stress.

Some of these revised furies do not want peace. From the line of conversation they are handing out to haggard Englishmen it is apparent that they are not incubating doves of peace nor bearing the flag of truce. They still want war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. Their words are so

hectic and inflammatory that if a regiment of these female grenadiers were to take the field determined to maim or marry their German antagonists, the poor Teutons would abandon their trenches in terror and hide themselves behind barriers of steel and stone in the home town of Berlin.

When the dames have their dander thoroughly aroused they are more implacable than the men. A man can respect the fighting qualities of his enemy, and he usually knows when he is licked, but the warrior woman is different and she will give battle after all her hair and teeth are gone. In the painful passages of the French Revolution the amount of carving and blood-letting done by the dames and demoiselles of Paris was something prodigious. The venerable tales of Medusa and the furies read like the Rollo books by comparison. A war of women, by women and for women would be something still more harrowing to contemplate.

It is shudderful to think what would have happened had women worn trou-

mers and men the skirts since the world began. It is dead certain that a lot of us would not be here today and the firing line would be much redder than it has been since man first learned to fumble the trigger. If England ever turns her war over to the Pankhurst family God help the Kaiser.

It is not yet clear whether the high school boys of Los Angeles are to have any military training. Perhaps the boys don't care about making bloodless war at play so long as they can have the real thing under the guise of football. Even at that, it would be interesting to see what would happen if the question could be put up to a student body vote.

At a forthcoming entertainment something like four hundred musicians of acknowledged standing will participate. Life here may not be one grand sweet song, but if a man wants melody in life he could never go to a better city for it.

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[Saturday, December 11, 1915]

In Old Leipsic.

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chair, her old doll fast in her arms, the bronze of her hair burnished like gold by the sunbeam slanting in the window, her curls dancing as she rocked, Von Krupp cried out, "My picture in the New World."

"Oh, God, I thank thee for this inspiration thou hast given me. I'll paint my masterpiece in the New World, 'The Mother's Lullaby'."

After this inspiration Von Krupp became restless to paint. He began to hurry everything. He was eager to leave the ship, eager to find a studio, eager to paint, to paint.

The next day port was to be made. The whole ship sought to honor Elise in some way.

The captain offered this suggestion: "Shall we line up, officers and men, at attention, and allow our Princess Elise to pass out over the gang-plank first, as our distinguished, royal guest? The band will play 'Watch on the Rhine' and 'The Star Spangled Banner.' What say you all?"

"Yes, yes, yes," came from many throats. And so when port was made, the last hawser made taut, the bands began to play, men and officers were at attention, when Elise, with her hand in her father's, withdrew from the ship. Her beautiful face, beaming with love and wreathed in smiles, was turned toward the ship's people; while Von Krupp, with head erect, held her hand that she might not fall as she withdrew from the ship.

When the last wave of the hand had been given, and the music died out, Von Krupp lifted his little daughter—she was only 5—in his arms.

The beautiful smile crossed his pale face; again he was illumined with great beauty. He whispered to Elise as he held her in his arms, "Thou art my new hope."

Von Krupp took lodgings for the night. The next day he easily found a studio to his heart's liking, with living-rooms attached. Now to find a governess for Elise. He called on a friend he had made on the ship and a governess was easily found.

Elise immediately loved her, and delighted her with stories of the sea, the ship and "Capt. Ship," and the dear birthday when she was 5 years old at sea.

She told Fraulein she could not fink what she knew about her beautiful mother for all the beautiful things she had to remember seemed to make it harder to fink it out.

"Do you fink, Fraulein, if I should go into the dark closet, where I can't see or hear anything, that I could fink it out about beautiful mamma?"

"No, no, Elise; thoughts that come in darkness are not for little girls only. Run and get your doll."

Von Krupp painted and painted and painted. He spent all his time at his easel. When the picture was finished he took Elise and stood her before it. She jumped for joy. Then she ran to her father and said, softly, "Dearest papa, I fink if you painted just one more day you would have painted the song so all could hear it, just as I hear it. Oh, papa, isn't it beautiful? Do I look just like that when I sing? I'm so glad. I've seen some one that looks just like that, but I can't fink it out."

Three months after the completion of the picture the American Academy of Fine Arts had its first exhibition in New York. Von Krupp was denied a place to hang his canvas till he announced himself a member of the American Academy, and had cabled his resignation from the Leipsic Academy.

The picture was hung. It was well hung and had the best of light, attracting attention seemingly more than all other pictures.

On the third day of the exhibition Von Krupp carried Elise to see it. After seeing papa's picture she wandered about at will, while Von Krupp became absorbed in the study of some picture he had liked.

After a while Elise came running to her father. "Papa, come quickly; a lady with a little bit of a girl has dropped on the floor in front of your picture."

Von Krupp rushed and helped to lift the prostrate form of a woman, who, as she was lifted up, was uttering the words of the lullaby.

Von Krupp gently raised her crepe veil. As he looked he cried, "What is this? Is God so good? Is it Rachael?" and for a second he strained her to his heart.

At the sound of her name she opened her eyes. "Not Gustav? My prayer, dear God, Thou hast answered."

When Rachael would speak of the old days he would not listen. Strong, kind hands bore her to a seat.

"Gustav, when did you leave Old Leipsic?"

"Rachael, those other days are dead. We must not recall what we should forget, nor forget what we should remember.

"Have done with it; what has gone before is over and done with. We must turn to the present, the here, the now.

"The memory of the past kills the present and the future; it never cures it.

"Let us live in our children. Don't discount their happiness. It is in them we shall find affection and love. Let us not deny ourselves this happiness!"

With this sane talk Rachael became calm, and, looking at Gustav, she said, "And is it all dead, Gustav?"

"Rachael, is what all dead? What do you ask me?"

"Is our love all dead, that we should find no love except in the love of our children? Shall we have no happiness except in their happiness?"

Gustav looked into her eyes. "The wells of love are deep, sweetheart. Maybe we shall find our suffering has made us love more."

Here the old smile illuminated his face; the man, the old lover sprang into life again; the artist temperament was aroused. Gustav caught Rachael to his breast.

"Tomorrow, before a priest, we will plight our vows, and forget life in 'Old Leipsic.'"

The children were found playing in the window seats, friends truly.

Elise could never fink it out. Elise never knew.

The Women of Serbia.

[London Queen:] "A house is not based upon the ground, but upon a woman," is a popular proverb in Montenegro, echoed heartily by others of the Serbian race.

Among the Serbs women are burdened from their marriage with harder work than the men, because they have to use the sickle as well as the spinning wheel, to tend the flocks with a piece of knitting or embroidery in their hands, and to build haystacks that will do them as much credit as the earthenware crockery which is made in summer for the use of the whole household.

The Serbian cottage contains no potter's wheel, and the rough clay has to be pounded with an ax and worked into a paste by mixing with hot water. Dough is placed in these primitive dishes, which are supplied with hooks to draw them from the embers, where the bread has been baked very slowly.

In Montenegro the curiously-shaped shoes called opanke are always home-made, and, owing to the primitive nature of the mountain roads, often have to be renewed. It is considered degrading for a man to take up any trade. The men lead a pastoral and warlike existence, and disdain to carry burdens on their backs, though they treat the women of their households with kindness and are never known to use them cruelly. The defense of national freedom must be the main object of this hardy mountain race, who have come through a hard struggle against the Turks without losing their independence.

The women of Serbia take a secondary part in all public rejoicings, such as the Slava. The Slava is a social gathering as well as a religious festival, and guests are welcomed by the women of the house rising to greet them. A Serbian wife must always jump to her feet to return a greeting, even if she is seated at her spinning wheel; she may never cross the road when a man is passing.

Serbian women have their own merry-making, known as prela and sela, when they sit at work together and while away the time by story-telling (prela) and singing (sela.) They are witty by nature and have a real gift for expressing their feelings in song.

A collection of lyrics, composed by Serbian peasant women, was published not long ago, and astonished the critics of the western world by the revelation of a new tone in national poetry. Most of the songs are sad and slow, but there are gay little tunes, improvised when the Kolo is danced, men and women joining hands and forming a big circle.

The Blue Diamond.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE.

that the Ganapati was gone, and that my strong box, too, with its silver hoard had disappeared, together with the package of gold coin and jewelry. My hands went instantly to my waistband. It had been torn open and the crystal casket that held the blue diamonds abstracted.

"So the murderous priest had not only recovered his own, but had robbed me of my all.

"There was no time, however, to reflect or to moralize, for the loud cracking of fire amid the woodwork warned of my imminent peril. Flinging the skirt of my robe across my face, I made one frantic dash for safety through the splintered panels of the door, the only exit from the room, regardless of the billows of mingled smoke and flame that were now rolling along the corridor.

"Half suffocated, almost blinded by the pungent fumes, my flesh seared, my garments afire, I reeled into the courtyard of the women's quarters, and threw myself into the fountain splashing in the middle of the marble pavement. Then, drawing myself out of the water like a bedraggled rat, I crawled on my hands and knees to the apartment of my wife.

"God! God! It was to find her and our two little children dead—stabbed to the heart on the sleeping mats where they lay."

A sobbing wail from the narrator's lips, and he covered his face with his hands. After a time he recovered his self-possession and resumed, although still in broken tones and with shoulders heaving from emotion.

"I need not dwell on the pitiable story. Gaining the open country I gazed upon the fierce flames now bursting in a dozen places from the roof of my doomed home, the funeral pyre of the last ones dear to me on earth.

"As I gazed I rent my garments, and raised my voice in loud lamentations. Soon all was consumed, and there remained only the dull glow of red embers. Then I wandered out into the night, stupefied and broken-hearted by the crowning calamity that had overtaken me, afraid even to face my neighbors of the village, naked, penniless and alone.

"Thus did it come about that I, a man of estate, feudatory of a prince, within the period of a single moon lost wives and children, slaves and retainers, land and crops, family jewels, stores of gold and of silver, and also the blue diamonds of the idol for the retention of which I had rashly but unknowingly ventured all that I had of happiness in this world.

"And since that day of final disaster I have journeyed over the face of the land trying to find, not the blue diamonds, not my stolen hoard, but the fiend incarnate, the priest of Siva, who slew my wives and children.

"I go about now a Moslem fakir with the right of entry to the mosques where I may worship the only true God and Mohammed his prophet, now disguised as a Hindu yogi, crying 'Ram, Ram,' so that I may gain access to the temples of the idolators, there to find the Ganapati with the jeweled eyes, and by that token discover the man for whom I am ever seeking. Every year I revisit Ferishatapur, whence the idol was originally taken by my hand from the wrecked temple, but thither neither the priest nor the Ganapati has ever returned. At other times I travel from one city to another, searching for temples, mingling with the devotees at the recurring festivals, the Holi, the Durgapuga, the feast of lanterns, and watching the processions when the idols and their custodians visit each other's shrines or go to the river for the blessing of the waters. But wander where I may, priest or Ganapati have I never seen again.

"Thus have passed fifty long years, during which I have lived for one thing alone, and that—revenge!"

Pausing before the last word, then uttering it in a scream that pierced the night air, the fakir sprang to his feet, and, swept by a sudden gust of overwhelming passion, raised his hands high to heaven—a weird and eerie figure in the silver sheen of the moon.

"Deen! deen! deen!" he cried, dancing around as he shrilly voiced the fanatic call to massacre—the dread call which through the centuries had drenched with human

mosques and Hindu temples.

"Subah!" shouted the Afghan general, half rising, his hand on his sword hilt. "Stop that, you son of a dog, or I will make you meat for the jackals. Subah!"

At the reiterated stern command the dancing figure became suddenly rigid. Then, just as suddenly as he had leaped from his crouching attitude, the fakir sank to the ground in a huddled heap, his face buried in the dust.

"You would be happier today, O man of many sorrows, had you followed the philosophy of 'kooch perwani'—had you said to yourself: 'What is done is done, and cannot be undone. Let it pass. Kooch perwani—no matter.'"

It was the Rajput who was speaking, in rebuke, yet in commiseration.

"Even when all seemed lost," continued the Hindu soldier, "you should have forgotten the blue diamonds, the abiding greed for which was the real cause of your undoing; you should have forgotten your lost wealth and honorable position, your dear ones gone to the abode of bliss, the enemies who had despicably used you but who, as your own religion teaches, were in truth only God's emissaries sent to punish you for your sins. It is the philosophy of 'kooch perwani' that teaches us to forget the dead past, do the work of the vital present, and by doing it aright build for the future an edifice of happiness and contentment. Had you followed that philosophy, oh fakir, you might have been again today rich in the good things of the world."

The mendicant raised his face from the dust.

"To which I reply, O prince—kooch perwani. By the ordeals through which I have passed I have come to learn that the treasures of this world are of no account. Therefore is my philosophy today greater than your own. You wear costly robes, I the loin cloth of a beggar. Kooch perwani; for when death comes, we are equals. There is no pocket to a shroud."

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TOBACCO HABIT

A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated through stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind cure, or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense, clearly set forth. The author will send it free postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address Edward J. Woods, 160 L. Station E, New York City. Keep this advertisement, it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this journal.

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California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

Saturday, December 11, 1915.



IF THERE is anything on earth that touches a sore spot on the Eagle, that pierces him to the very quick, raises his dander and makes his heart ache, it is to hear any criticism of America or Americans from tongue or pen of any foreigner, civilized or savage, refined or ignorant.

When it comes to touching the honor, virtues, good looks, refinement or any other admirable quality possessed by American women, then the Eagle's anger knows no bounds. He would tear the critic limb from tree if it were in his power. The Eagle has wandered in many lands, rambled through numerous great cities, observed the female form divine adorned and less adorned, under many skies of different hues of complexion, and he admires them all. He is a peaceful bird, but he would make war at the drop of the handkerchief on any degenerate or inconsiderate person who would dare to vilify or even unkindly criticise womankind.

Yes, the Eagle admires women of all nations, but when it comes to the American woman he thinks she is supreme in beauty, unmatched in mind, and incomparable in her virtues. He has been reading lately a book and a newspaper. The book is by a French author and his hero and heroine are two young people, French of course, both refined, intelligent and admirable in every respect. This is the way they meet. Remember they are utter strangers to each other, having never even heard one of the other. The young woman is sent by her mother on a message to a neighboring chateau, and undertakes a return by a short cut which crosses a stream by a little footbridge. She is intrusted with the key of the garden gate and told to lock it after she passes through, then shove the key under

the grass for enough to prevent any passer-by from getting it and letting himself in. Arrived at the stream, she finds the bridge awash and takes off her shoes and stockings, tucks up her petticoat and prepares to wade. The hero has his eye on the heroine, admires her very much, and has been following her through the woods all the way from the house. He is close by her when she undertakes to wade over the bridge, sneaks up behind her, catches her up in his arms, and carries her across the stream. She is surprised but not indignant. Then she sits down to put on her shoes and stockings, and the young gentleman falls on his knees in front of her to perform the task. When she protests he picks up one of her tootsie-wootsies, imprints upon the pink toes a resounding kiss. She is naturally both surprised and indignant, and makes a vigorous protest.

Now mark the way this young gallant accounts for his very gallant conduct. Although of French origin, he has been born and raised in America, and alleges that such freedom would be entirely pardonable, received enthusiastically by any girl he had ever met in all the Americas.

What a shame, what a libel on American womanhood! The Frenchman who wrote the book many have thought so. If he did he was very ignorant, and if he produced the book for home consumption knowing it to be a libel on American womanhood he is a degenerate who ought to be punished with death, "something lingering, like boiling oil," as is said in "The Mikado."

The Eagle has seen, met and associated with no end of American women in all walks of life. He knows that they are independent of spirit, thoroughly able to take care of themselves, a little freer of manner than the average European, raised like a doll, who never gets out of her babyhood. But when it comes to "real stuff of the conscience" she is a peach, a flower, an angel of virtue as well as of spirit, mind and soul. A lot is said of the freedom with which divorce is obtainable and practiced in America. Here the Eagle would blush if it were possible with shame at the frequency with which this vicious conduct is tolerated and practiced in America. But listen, friends, to the Eagle's unbiased, unalterable opinion. It is an exotic in America, brought over by tourists who have visited old Lun-

non, dear Paris, and other European capitals. The divorce habit has spread in America with wonderful rapidity, but it is not indigenous to the soil. It is an exotic as much as smoking cigarettes, drinking cocktails, and other vices more or less important practiced by some American women.

The Eagle is a cosmopolitan bird, and loves people of all the races under the sun. He is not biased in his opinions, but recognizes the virtues and the good qualities of all people so far as he has been able to meet them and judge of them. He is so cosmopolitan that in the present conflict in which nearly all Europe is engaged his heart aches for the poor fellow in every trench, whether he wears the uniform of Germany, Austria, Britain, France, Italy; whether he is a Balkan of the Bulgarian type or of the Serbian. It is all one to the Eagle. He sympathizes with them all, thinks that so far as the men in the trenches are concerned they are all patriotic and all fighting for their liberty, for their country and its flag. He would like to see the war end exactly where it began, without the change of one foot in any of the national boundaries. He would like to see them quit, each bearing his own costs, shake hands like real sports, and be better friends than before.

Now he comes to the question of divorce and has before his eyes a London paper, a weekly publication issued on Sundays. It is called *The People*, and such Sunday reading as is spread over those pages was never seen in any decent paper in America. Actually there are stories in that Sunday paper more shameful and degrading than ever appear in the *Police Gazette* or any other publication in the Americas that the Eagle's eye has ever seen.

Here is one issue of the London paper, *The People*, published to regale the minds and the hearts of London readers. There is a story about a bigamist, "who wanted his wife to ignore her marriage"—his real wife, be it said—in order that he might go on living with a paramour. He is no common man; he is a tea-planter from India. In an adjoining column is a story about a baronet who is divorced from his wife. The baronet took to drink and then to other bad ways. He had stayed all night "at Charing Cross Hotel with a lady who was not Lady Briscoe." Right under this is another story of

a man who had two wives and wrote to his legal mate begging her to "be master" like the bigamist who wanted his wife to permit him to go on living with "the other woman." This shows morals in high life in London. In an adjoining column is a story of a clergyman of the Church of England who was unfrocked because of his immoral relations with a woman not his wife, and she was a negress, if you please. In the divorce suit it was brought out that the clergyman has a particular predilection for "dark meat." Then there is the story of a stock broker whose "erring wife" bade him farewell because she had found somebody more suitable to her aesthetic, refined English taste.

So it goes on, column after column, page after page. There is a colonel in the army who cites a major as co-respondent. Another colonel bids his wife good-by, not as the poet did who said, "It may be for years and it may be for ever." It was altogether forever in the colonel's case. This habit has invaded all ranks of English society, even the business section. There is a story of a general dealer who came home at night and had a very unpleasant sight through the window. He picked up a brick and buried it at the erring pair, breaking the glass. By the side of this is a story of a medical student and a nurse, and in a parallel column two more divorce cases brought on the grounds of bigamy. These are some of the stories on one page of the London Sunday paper. There is another page beginning with a double-column headline about "A society lady's hotel bills." But your Eagle, friends, might go on citing enough to fill a whole page of this magazine out of this one issue of a paper published for Sunday reading for the use of all classes of London society.

The Eagle is not citing these things in a spirit of gloating over the degeneracy of other people, but simply to put the world right as to the women of America. They are not only as good as any other, but a great sight better.

Yours,

The Eagle
M. M.

THE LANCER

OUR distinguished visitors, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, ex-viceroy of Ireland, title holders of an earldom of the United Kingdom that dates back to 1682 A.D., with a viscount of half the alphabet denoting royal favor, thrown in, are interesting in more ways than one.

Their ideas on finance, for one thing, appear to us a little odd. They are in this country ostensibly to raise money for certain charities in which her ladyship is understood to have a deep and abiding sympathy. They are being run by our premier lecture agency, which doubtless anticipates a profit-sharing result. We have been led to understand that they receive about a couple of hundred for their services at each meeting and a major percentage of the gate money, after all expenses have been paid.

Now supposing they made a net thousand dollars in Los Angeles, which is placing the estimate at a liberal figure. Unless they had free traveling and hotel accommodation, it must have cost them all that in expenses for themselves and their suite—and that would be doing things on the cheap.

And the noble earl is one of the few wealthy earls of Great Britain. He owns vast estates and is credited with an income somewhere in the neighborhood of the Los Angeles municipal debt. Since he has held government office, it is to be presumed that his time is worth something. Surely if he stayed at home and contributed

the amount they can raise in this country, strictly net, out of his own income, he would have been considerably in pocket.

Otherwise the distinguished visitors must have had an exaggerated idea of American generosity—doubtless we were expected to roll up in our thousands and press modest checks for millions upon this charming couple, notwithstanding the fact that Paderevski for the Poles, Mme. Grouitch for the Serbians, Melba for the British Red Cross, Whittle for the starving Belgians, Lord and Lady Herbert for the British wounded, and a hundred other trustful applicants have already preceded them on similar missions at weekly intervals for the past year.

I have a great respect for the British aristocracy in general, but this sort of thing looks to me disgustingly cheap. It is thoroughly undignified. We ridiculed Bryan for his Chautauque activities, but we are respectfully slobbering over this titled couple and our society dames are falling over one another to entertain them. Yet these people, who have represented the King-Emperor of the British Empire as monarchs of Ireland are capitalizing their experiences for all the world like a successful actress.

Their tour can benefit the charities very little, the chief gain being a tour of the United States on the cheap and a lot of personal advertising. The thing is paltry, meretricious, revolting.

Swindling the Babes.

JOHN T. HALL, the song publisher, who is under indictment for swindling aspiring poets all over the country with a phony prize competition, must be a peculiarly mean man. He, it is alleged, had a brilliant little trick of writing to competitors and assuring them that although their verses did not win the prize, there was considerable merit in them, and if they would put up anything from \$25 to a \$100, he would have them set to music and make them famous.

Robbing the blind, or the widows and orphans is as nothing compared to this. To take \$25 from an amateur poet is like stealing a lame man's crutch. Henry Warneck tells a beautiful little allegory in

which God assured the poet that there was no need to give him the world, since it was his already. But owning the world is a terrible responsibility and the majority of poets are hopelessly land poor. They altruistically starve themselves to feed a surfeited world, which quite often proceeds to waste the noble gifts with cruel indifference.

One can readily see how easy John found it to raise hope in these innocent breasts, to convince them if they would but give a few vulgar shekels in addition to their soul outpourings, the world would at last show its gratitude in the approved way.

* * *

Voting Wrong.

WE take the vote so lightly, rarely realizing our tremendous responsibilities. And even when we vote quite conscientiously, it is alarming to think how easily we can be wrong.

For instance, history records that half the people of Philadelphia voted against the Declaration of Independence. Very nearly half the people of the thirteen States of the Union at that time voted against the Constitution under which the country has grown happy and prosperous for 124 years. Many of the first intellects of the time insisted that it was bound to lead to a monarchy!

As for the Civil War, there was quite a virulent minority for disunion rather than fight; clergymen all over the country preached it from the pulpits. And many newspapers took this stand.

The introduction of gas was fought fiercely by every large American city—it was going to be a deadly menace and kill off half the population. Railways had just as hard a time, they were declared to be impossible, mad, bringing nothing but misery and destruction in their train. Only twenty years ago the trolley cars were dreadful juggernauts which a large minority of the people regarded with fear and anger.

We get very indignant when we hear of the orientals' reluctance to accept scientific treatment for the prevention of bubonic plague, we ridicule their adherence to old-fashioned methods of agriculture, of government and so on, but we should have still

been in the same condition had the big minority votes received a very little more support.

And now we have to decide this large question of military preparedness, or unarmed pacifism.

* * *

Requirements in a Suffrage Leader.

DR. ANNA SHAW is looking for someone suitable to succeed her as head of the woman's suffrage organization. And she has laid down the principle that it must be an unmarried woman, and on no account a widow with children. The leader of so important a cause cannot have her attention divided between domestic interests and the gaining of the vote.

This seems like an argument for the antis, Anna. It is certainly backing up the horrid New York education authorities in their edict against married women teachers. And when you come to consider that masculinity in the person of President Wilson has managed to pay so very much attention to domestic affairs, marrying off daughters, acquiring grandchildren, courting a new mate, and all that sort of thing, while running one of the biggest countries in the world, you must confess that his sex has a shining example of versatile capacity.

We would hate to think that the woman capable of running the national woman's franchise league could not manage a little thing like a husband and a few children on the side. We don't like to believe that the most virtuous sex has any such trumpery limitations. Anna can say what she likes, but after having imbibed suffrage arguments for ten years, we are convinced that no one less experienced than a thrice-married mother, with fifteen children, could fill that important position satisfactorily.

What His Parents Say.

[Boston Transcript:] Teacher: Tommy, you may define the difference between 'a while' and 'a time.'"

Tommy: Why, when pa says he's going downtown for a while, ma says she'll be he's going for a time.

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

“Home, Sweet Home”

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Modified Golden Rule.

[New York Sun:] The housekeeper must not think that by applying the Golden Rule to the measurements of her kitchen work that she will be certain to succeed. She must not rely upon offering the sort of sympathy and oversight that is preached in clubs and women's magazines. If she limits her reform efforts to attempts to be always kind she is likely to have experiences which cause her to lament ingratitude. She should keep her Golden Rule in sight, but she should remember that domestic servants want to live their lives in their own way. What they want is freedom and independence. They crave the consciousness of a liberty which they are not likely to abuse.

Too Much Surveillance.

Household affairs must follow social and industrial tendencies. Since the feudal castle has shrunk to a city flat we cannot maintain mediaeval customs and treat the maid-servant as if she were a Saxon thrall. Since the question is how to diminish the amount of work required in every household, the quality of service should be correspondingly improved. The highest conception of the relation of mistress and maid is not that which enables the housekeeper to do most for her employee, but how to enable the employee to do most for herself. That means less surveillance and more individualism so far as the employee is concerned.

FOR THE DINING-ROOM.

Neatness in Buffet Drawer.

[Baltimore American:] Bleached Canton flannel was used to make these handy knife and fork cases. Bind them with blue ribbon and use the same ribbon for tying the cases when rolled up. Stitch places for a dozen knives. The outline "Knives" and "Forks" may be done in blue also on the cases. A case like this will add much to the tidiness of buffet drawers.

Soft Candle Light.

One can obtain dining-room candlesticks which stand four feet high and burn enormous candles. Three of these set behind chairs of the diners cast a soft mellow light, sufficient, with the aid of the shaded candles on the table, to light a small dinner party. Shades are made of every variety and material from cretonne to silk, and in some cases velvet. One used in a living-room is made of crepe paper to correspond with the wall decorations. Another used in a chamber was of white crepe paper with designs cut from wall paper, pasted on the shade, to match the wall decorations in blue.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

When Fire is Slow.

[Philadelphia Record:] When a fire is too slow it is usually due to a lack of draught. When building a fire always place the sticks of kindling so that they will lie in opposite directions. Pile the coal on lightly. There is nothing that chokes a stove or furnace more quickly than paper, so do not use it as a fuel, and only sparingly to start a fire. If a fire is merely low a teaspoonful of sugar will revive it. Old fryings can be used for the same purpose.

A cheap home-made kindling may be made as follows: Soak some corn cobs or saturate sawdust with the crudest, cheapest kerosene that you can buy and keep in a cool place far away from all fires. Dip out a little sawdust or a cob into a newspaper, put it into the stove under the wood and it will burn quickly and long enough to give the wood a good start.

The New Gas Oven.

Throw several handfuls of salt around on the sides and bottom of the oven a minute or so after lighting the burners of a new gas range oven, otherwise you will be smoked out of the kitchen. Besides it will save gas and you will be able to use the oven right away and the food will not be tainted.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.

Causes for Feverishness.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Young children often become feverish from very slight causes. The excitement caused by some coming pleasure, for instance, may send up the temperature several degrees in a high-strung but otherwise healthy child. Indigestion and improper food may cause a rise to fever point, although nothing is seriously wrong.

On the other hand a child may be seriously ill while the temperature chart records but little variation from the normal. The temperature changes of children are, in fact, very puzzling at times.

A mother need not be alarmed by feverishness as a rule, because in most cases it is due to slight causes which would produce no ill effect on a grown person. But if it does not pass away in the course of a few hours, or during the night, she should call in a doctor.

Emotional Excitement.

Emotional excitement and a thunder atmosphere are two causes of feverishness, also poisonous matters arising from contaminated food, and, in the case of infants, improper feeding. The milk, for instance, may contain too much fat or sugar or starch (flour, etc.)

In the case of older children eggs, indigestible vegetables and fruits are sometimes to blame. But feverishness may also signify the commencement of tonsilitis, a rheumatic fever, pneumonia, influenza or bronchitis. It is always well to have medical advice in cases of doubt. The rise of temperature may be of little significance, but often it is the first warning of a coming attack of illness.

LOOSEN TIGHT OBJECTS.

String to Remove Ring.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Pass the end of a piece of fine twine underneath the ring and wind it evenly around the finger upward toward the middle joint, stopping there. Then take hold of the lower end of the string beneath the ring and begin to unwind slowly upward, when the ring will gradually move along the twine toward the tip of the finger and come off entirely.

Glasses Wedged Together.

If two glasses are wedged together they can easily be separated by tapping the outer one around where they are together with a third tumbler. This also applies to a glass stopper in a glass bottle.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] Delicious sandwiches for the afternoon are made of raisins and nuts chopped together very fine, moistened with a little whipped cream and seasoned with a little salt.

Paste the oilcloth on the kitchen table; it will be much smoother.

When bread is taken out of the oven it should be removed from the pans and placed side down on a wire bread or cake cooler.

When icing runs, put it back on the stove, on top of an asbestos mat, and stir until proper consistency is restored. This can be done after syrup is added to the white of the egg.

Stains on blankets and other woolen goods can often be removed by using a mixture of equal parts of glycerin and yolk of egg. Spread this on the stain, leave half an hour and wash.

Cream cheese lends itself to garnishing as well as being palatable. Its softness makes it easy to mold in any shape, and it can be mixed with various condiments into delicious sandwich paste.

A fresh mildew spot can be removed with lemon juice and exposure to the sun. If it is an old spot, dissolve a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts of cold water and soak the fabric.

Blankets should be washed in soapsuds and rinsed thoroughly in cold water, then hung on the line. When nearly dry beat them with a furniture beater. They will be soft and fluffy like new.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Keep the Scalp Clean.

[Lina Cavalieri, in New York American:] The chief aim concerning the hair is to keep the scalp clean, cool and moist. To keep it clean it shall be brushed thoroughly at least once a day. One hundred strokes every evening before retiring are necessary if the hair be of vigorous constitution.

Brushing removes the dust, but it is not sufficient stimulant for the scalp, which needs, besides brushing, massage. The most beautiful hair I know of is that of a young woman who gives her scalp a thorough massage three times a week with a good hair tonic.

Home Prepared Tonic.

Her favorite tonic contains one ingredient, bicarbonate of soda, whose tendency is to make the hair a lighter shade. Therefore I do not use it myself nor would I recommend it for any other brunette.

Borax 1 oz.
Bicarbonate of soda 1/2 oz.
Camphor 1 dram
Glycerine 1/2 oz.
Rosewater 1 qt.
Alcohol 2 oz.

This can be prepared at home. The camphor should be dissolved in the alcohol. The soda, glycerine, rosewater and alcohol should be mixed and well shaken in another bottle. Then pour this mixture into the solution of camphor.

Apply with the finger tips, or a soft brush, parting the hair and rubbing the tonic thoroughly into the scalp, until it makes response by the healthful tingling.

NEEDLE NOTES.

Home-made "Imported" Dollies.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Many of us have looked longingly at the lovely imported dolly centers which are not to be found in our shops. An excellent imitation can be made by first marking on linen the required size of dolly. The heavy dotted table damask linen is best. Then cut out carefully and with sewing machine stitch just the distance from edge you wish to button-hole with crochet hook. Then take two pieces of flat, narrow braid or cord and hold one below edge and the other on top of edge; then buttonhole with crochet hook all around. You will find a firm, well-finished edge, heavy, and an edge which has all the threads well covered. The dolly is then ready for lace and can be depended upon never to fray or ravel out.

A luncheon set made in this manner will wear well.

Make Your Own Music Roll.

To make a music roll take a piece of felt cloth, linen or silk, fifteen by eighteen inches and something for lining the same size and a piece of table oilcloth one-half inch smaller all around. Sew quilt lining to the wrong side of oilcloth on the sewing machine. Buckram may be used instead of oilcloth, but oilcloth makes roll waterproof.

Embroider monogram on top material and everything is then ready. Paste all together, holding in curved position to give play for rolling. Then cut like this, having goods longer than oilcloth, turn in edges and stich.

For the handles use a piece of clothes line, wrap with cotton or heavy cloth for padding and cover with material. Fasten with placket fasteners.

Warden Was Reminded.

[Chicago News:] A Brooklyn minister gave a most scathing discourse on the evil effects produced by bad example, and exhorted all good members of his congregation not to countenance by their presence such a place of iniquity as Coney Island. At this one of the church wardens, in evident excitement, snapped his fingers.

At the close of the service a member accosted the church warden and said:

"How was that for a sermon?"

"Great! I hope it will bear fruit," was the reply.

"What did you snap your fingers for?"

"Why, it reminded me that's the place where I left my umbrella."

HEARTSEASE.

Waiting for the Light.

A darksome morn, just suited to my mood
Of melancholy, though I knew no cause;
A little lake, at entrance of the wood,
As I passed out invited me to pause.

Its face was dull and sullen as the skies,
That now were but a monochrome of gray;
Beside it I reclined, with downcast eyes,
And let my somber feelings have their way.

All fair to view, to me a prospect drear;
No care to fret, yet I unsatisfied;
My thoughts were gloomy, lost my wonted cheer—
A something stirred the lakelet by my side.

As I looked down its waters seemed to wake
As from a dream as troubled as my own;
I saw the sun thereon in glory break;
Its surface like a silver mirror shone.

I saw my solemn face reflected there,
And watched its melancholy pass away;
Again the sky, the earth, and all were fair,
And my sad soul rejoiced in perfect day.—[George Birdseye, in Boston Transcript.]

\$5 for Glasses and Prescription

Here's your opportunity — examination by skilled registered Optometrist, correct prescription, accurate fitting, special lenses, high-grade mounting, polished aluminum case. All complete for the one price.

Howland & Dewey Co.

Eastman Kodak Company
510 SOUTH BROADWAY

Free Testimonial



Miss H. Wilson, 324½ South Hill St., says: "I was terribly nervous and suffered with awful headaches. Dr. C. C. Logan was recommended to me by a prominent business man. Dr. Logan examined my eyes and ground me a pair of special lenses that stopped my headaches and made a new woman of me." Dr. Logan's Office now is SUITE 421 SAN FERNANDO BLDG., cor. 4th and Main.

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Our rods, wire and fluxes are the VERY BEST obtainable for the price and quality.

GET A TRIAL ORDER.

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Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.? Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet are made over a form, but some do not answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supports are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO.

731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

"dark meat." Then there is the story of a clergymen who has a parrotular predilection for divorce suits if it were brought out that the she was a "negress." If you bring out that the relatives with a woman not his wife, and who has married because of his immorality, or a clergyman of the Church of England London, in a dissolute column in a story woman, then he is a woman with whom he is with him to go on living with "the others who make better men than he is." The man who had two wives and wrote to his son, dear Prete, and other European cap-

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

Beloved California.

LOVE YOU, California, with all my heart and soul.

I love your every beauty spot, I love you as a whole.

Who could help loving California in winter days like these through which we are passing? At this writing it is Monday, December 6, and as lovely a day for the season as ever shone out of the heavens. Never did such a day shine out of any skies over any land excepting California. The rain of the last week was just a hummer, and the warm weather following is bringing the grass up so that according to the old saying we can hear it grow.

We are nearing Christmas time and New Year's day, the great holiday season of the northern hemisphere since the Romans celebrated their Saturnalia and since the Teuton nations invented their Christmas tree and their Kris Kringle. Be it remembered, this was before Christianity appeared, and the festival was made to commemorate the birth of the Savior. No place in the world will the weather be anything like here in Southern California in these midwinter days. The hillsides, valleys and plains will be green as Ireland in June, and the cattle will be eating tender grass to their hearts' content.

There is a commercial side to this December weather as well as the esthetic one. The great rain which soaked the ground to saturation eliminates all danger of frost and insures the orange crop for the time being at least. There is little or no chance of a frost for the next month, and it will be rare winter indeed if there is not another good rain before the year closes. With such an event the danger of frost for the year would be eliminated almost if not entirely. A little cold snap would do the orange crop a wonderful amount of good. The oranges have not been coloring very much on account of the mild air of the nights as well as of the days. It takes a little snap of frost at night to bring out the color of the orange, and the market is in a receptive mood for Christmas use right now.

Sing a Song of Sixpence.

THE old ill is about four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, a dainty dish to lay before the King. Pomona can sing a song of \$100. She has a chicken pie with eighty hens between its crusts. This is to regale 350 members of the loyal men's Bible class of the First Christian Church. The pastor of this flock claims it is the largest Bible class in Southern California outside of Los Angeles. So he came to Los Angeles and had a restaurant bake eighty hens in a chicken pie four feet wide and eleven feet long, the pie being the depth of a hen.

It used to be insisted upon as a fact that Southern California was no place to attempt the production of chickens for pie making, egg laying or any other economic purpose. The climate was said to be unfavorable for biddy and her activities. This was a libel on the "glorious," and the old-timers ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Southern California is proving to be not only a good place for poultry culture but even an excellent place; indeed, the best under the canopy. Those who visited the poultry show here in the city and saw the product of the chicken farms of the Van Nuys Valley a week or so ago would laugh if they heard the story of the old-timers who said the region could not be made a profitable chicken-producing one.

Is this Prosperity?

THE Santa Fe Railroad Company reports that during October 147,539 cars of revenue-producing freight were loaded on Santa Fe rails or received from connecting lines. This shows an increase of 10,978 cars over the corresponding month of 1914, and of 17,806 cars over September of this year. The record loading for one day was 6418 cars on the 17th of October, which made another new record. Every kind of merchandise was included in this record-making activity, whether miscellaneous freight, live stock, coal, oil or lumber is regarded.

California Natural Gas.

LONG BEACH has secured a temporary supply of natural gas from the Midway fields pending the completion of a line from Fullerton to convey gas from that field, so much nearer by. When the housewives of Long Beach the other day attempted to cook their first breakfast on gas stoves supplied with natural gas from California fields they found everything burnt on account of the excessive heat produced by this natural fuel. Of course, this was only a temporary inconvenience, for the California housewife is bright and quick to learn her lesson. A report in The Times of the event says: "Tests of gas from the Midway field show that it has a heating power of 1000 British thermal units, which is 400 units over the standard of the artificial product demanded by the Long Beach city ordinance. Tests of the Fullerton gas show that it exceeds the Midway by 100 units."

Prosperity Headed This Way.

THINGS are taking shape in the most satisfactory way in the development of industrial activity in and around Los Angeles. Much of this is due to the war in Europe, but some of it would have come in any case. Among the latest developments is the establishment of a window-glass factory at Torrance, down near the Los Angeles harbor. Those behind the proposition are practical glass-makers who operated for years in the East, in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania. The manufacture of glass follows very closely the discovery of natural gas. Factories are found in the three States named above in proximity to natural-gas sources. Here in California there is an immense supply of natural gas, and with the closing of Belgium, a source from which the United States drew a great deal of its supply of glass, these practical men saw an opportunity of establishing a great industry near Los Angeles.

Once established, the industry has no probability of extinction, even if the war should cease tomorrow, and the busy Belgians get to work hammer and tongs at all their industries. There is a limitless supply of silica in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and with natural gas the manufacture of the material can be carried on on a scale of economy that insures a continuance of the work. The market is right at the door of the factory, for Los Angeles and the country around it are carrying on a great deal of building. The transportation of glass is an expensive thing, and in spite of the low wages prevailing in Europe the local industry will be sure to succeed, at least to the extent of supplying the home market. The year 1916 is at hand, and in the closing months of that year there will be a change in the national administration of America which will prevent the destruction of our industries through a protective tariff against all foreign competition.

There would seem to be room in the local field for another large glass factory to turn out bottles and jars. So great is the demand for tin cans in which vegetables and fruits are packed in such abundance here near Los Angeles that the American Can Company is establishing a big branch factory right here in the city. There is an immense lot of fruit put up in glass jars, as is also the case with the finer kinds of vegetables, pickled and otherwise. Let us add to this the demand for bottles for the wine and beer produced in the territory, and remembering there is an abundant supply of raw material and of gas on hand, it would seem as if we ought to make at least all the glass jars and bottles used in the home market.

Palo Verde Line Bonds.

THE State Railroad Commission has authorized the issuing of \$350,000 first-mortgage bonds drawing 6 per cent interest, \$400,000 second-mortgage bonds at the same rate, and \$360,000 capital stock for the building of the Palo Verde line by the California Southern Railroad Company. Most of the stock is already sold, and it is said that the prospect is excellent for the sale of the bonds, which will make the building of the road a certainty.

Kern Oranges.

THAT was undoubtedly a surprise to a great many orange growers and others in Southern California when Kern county walked away with the first prize for the golden fruit awarded at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Kern has not been recognized as a great orange-producing section. Porterville and the region round about has been the only noted citrus fruit region in the San Joaquin Valley, and that is in Tulare county. The oranges which won the prize for Kern county came from the Tejon district, which old-timers knew long time ago because of the excellence of the oranges produced there. It has been held back in development because the property was owned by a non-resident and used mainly for pasturing purposes until acquired some months ago by a Los Angeles syndicate. Here some of the first oranges grown in the State were produced on a 100-acre orchard surrounding the Tejon ranch headquarters. The holdings of the new syndicate comprise a domain of more than 275,000 acres, an area nearly half as large as Rhode Island. It is said that the portion of the ranch suitable for orange culture comprises at least 50,000 acres with scattered patches here and there bringing the orange acreage to a much higher figure. The new owners are planning to develop this industry rapidly.

Pactolian Stream.

THE River Pactolus, from which Midas of old obtained his wealth, and that of the region of the Chalchis, where the golden fleece was sought by Jason and the other argonauts of the ancient days, are poverty-stricken as a church mouse compared with the stream pouring into the pockets of the California ranchmen in this good year of grace. It is estimated that the resources of California farmers for the season will pass \$100,000,000. They will get \$25,000,000 more this year than last, and that was considered a good season. This wealth for the California farmer comes from two sources, one the abundance of the crops of every kind with which we have been blessed; and the other the prompt market at high prices prevailing for nearly every product of California soils. There is an extraordinary demand from Europe on account of the war, and then the demand at the East is much better than last year on account of the prosperity prevailing there, a good thing also blowing to this country from the ill wind that has created such havoc in Europe. The total amount of the income to the farmers this year is put at \$115,000,000. There is no other country on earth that has such varied products as California. Of course the world knows about our citrus fruits, our cereal crops, wool and live stock. In addition to these the hay crop of the State is worth \$9,000,000, the bean crop \$12,000,000, prunes \$8,000,000, rice \$3,500,000, melons \$4,000,000, walnuts \$3,000,000, raisins, peaches and apricots \$21,500,000, canned fruits \$3,000,000, apples \$2,000,000, sugar-beets \$8,000,000, tomatoes \$1,500,000. The citrus crop, of course, is the king pin of all, which is expected to return a revenue of \$30,000,000.

California Cotton Crowned.

IT WAS an old saw which proclaimed cotton king in the South. California cotton has pushed the Dixie product from the throne and mounted it, not as a usurper but as legitimate heir, won on merit. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco it was a great surprise even to Californians when California cotton walked away with the grand prize for the best display of the fiber and its by-products, won over the oldest cotton-growing sections of the country. It is said that the cotton exhibit all the time of its installment at the fair attracted no end of admiration, and excited interest on the part of all beholders. Not less than a million visitors inspected the California cotton exhibit and marveled at its excellence. The highest grades of cotton were included in the exhibit. To win this prize California was in competition with Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Missouri, as well as foreign countries, including China, Cuba and the Central American republics. California also won fourteen individual prizes for its cotton exhibits.

Alaska Copper District.

THE great European war is creating an unusual demand for copper. So short is the supply in Central Europe that they are stripping the cathedrals, royal palaces and other buildings of their copper roofs. They are even taking the brass door knobs off of the doors all over Germany and Austria to use in the manufacture of guns and ammunition. This is likely to continue for a year longer for immediate war purposes, and then "when the war is over" the demand will continue, to replace the copper things taken from peaceful uses for warlike ones.

America is the great copper-producing country of the world, and there is a good prospect ahead for copper miners in the country for years to come. This is good news for Arizona and Montana, and stretches even to Alaska. In that territory secured from Russia, during the last fifteen years the Prince William Sound region has become an important copper-producing district, and the number of productive mines there is constantly increasing. So says the United States Geological Survey press bulletin.

Coming Industry, Possibly.

THE TIMES of Sunday last had a pictorial illustration of a beautiful chair built in Los Angeles out of paper, dry leaves of trees and other waste matter. Dr. Louis Havasy, the inventor of the process, has been a resident of Los Angeles for twenty years. He came here with a fortune sufficient to justify his retirement from practice, and he immediately got busy at the invention which he has now brought to a successful issue. Besides the chair mentioned above he has several other pieces of furniture of beautiful furnish, resembling mahogany or black walnut. He says the raw material consists of "tree leaves, paper, mineral matter or any other suitable dry ingredient. It is mechanically and chemically treated to form a compound for molding. The cost of making a ton of such material is only from \$12 to \$14." Wood to construct the same amount of work would cost from \$50 to \$100.

Oil Field North of Coalinga.

ACCORDING to a bulletin published by the United States Geological Survey, north of Coalinga is a very important oil field. This field extends from Coalinga northward to the vicinity of San Francisco bay. The report says it is not probable that any large oil field will be developed in this region, but several small areas offer promise of yielding oil in commercial quantities.

Notes of Prosperity.

A LOT on the east side of Grand avenue, just south of Seventh street, 45 foot frontage by 150 foot depth, has been sold at a reported price of \$100,000, no part trade. The buyer has forty feet adjoining, and intends to put up a large office building.

A new company, the Santa Monica Bathing House Corporation, is planning a bathing house near the municipal pier to cost \$60,000.

The Traders Bank and the California Savings Bank are consolidated into one institution, with a paid-up capital of \$500,000, assets aggregating over \$5,000,000, and depositors numbering 15,000.

A practical educator at Chino has launched a campaign for a new school to equip boys for earning a living. Vocational work is to be divided into three divisions—agriculture, industry and masonry.

The steamship Corwin, formerly a revenue cutter, has been chartered at Los Angeles to ply between Los Angeles and Mexico.

A disastrous fire wiped Avalon off the face of the earth two weeks ago, but while the ashes were still hot the dauntless people of the city got together and determined to rebuild the city greater and handsomer than the old one.

The Rowland Company is fattening 500 range steers on 10,000 acres near Walnut, Los Angeles county. Next year the ranch will produce 2000 head of steer.

The Los Angeles Soap Company has started work on a four-story brick warehouse on Banning street near Alameda. It will cover an area of 100x100 feet.

5

A drowsy moon, just suited to my mood,
A little like the perfume of the wood.
Of melancholy, though I knew no cause;
Waking for the light.

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.

Cures for Fevers.

MISTRESS AND MARY.

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.

DR. EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU died at his home in Saranac Lake on November 15 of pneumonia, in his sixty-eighth year.

This simple announcement, made in various publications all over the country a few days ago, should have a special interest to persons afflicted with tuberculosis, particularly the reference to Dr. Trudeau's age. For this celebrated physician, who barely missed attaining the allotted "three score years and ten," has been a sufferer from tuberculosis for nearly forty years; so great a sufferer, indeed, that he was obliged to make his home in the Adirondack Mountains, being unable to remain for any considerable time in any other locality. Yet during that time he demonstrated conclusively that the great white plague could be combated successfully.

The story of Dr. Trudeau's life is inspiring. Almost immediately after receiving his doctor's degree, and when about to enter the practice of medicine in New York City, he was stricken with tuberculosis. At that time the curative effects of continuous fresh air was practically unknown. But Dr. Trudeau conceived the idea that this was the proper treatment for his condition; and in order to put his theory into practice, he made his home among the guides and woodsmen in the Adirondack Mountains, living out of doors most of the time, and practicing his profession among his humble associates. Gradually his health returned; but meanwhile his methods had attracted so much attention that six years after moving into the Adirondack wilderness his residence at Saranac Lake was becoming the mecca of tuberculosis sufferers from all over the world. Robert Louis Stevenson came to him from Europe and became a convert to his methods; and other celebrities, at home and abroad, sought the advice and the medical methods of this exiled physician in the great north woods. Eventually the sanatorium at Saranac Lake became one of the great centers for the treatment of tuberculosis, and the method of treatment applied by Dr. Trudeau and his associates, and as applied in the case of the doctor himself, became recognized as the best methods the world over.

Just how effective these methods are is exemplified by the life of Dr. Trudeau himself. Despite the dread disease, which always menaced him whenever he left the Adirondack region for any length of time, he nevertheless lived to a ripe old age, and acquired world fame, simply by practicing what he believed to be the best method for treating his malady, and proving its effectiveness by his own practical example.

Helpful Sore Throat Treatment.

A simple remedy for the relief of an ordinary sore throat is the following: Put a quart of boiling hot water into a pitcher, and into this pour a teaspoonful of the compound of tincture of benzoin ("Friar's Balsam"). Wrap a folded towel about the top of the pitcher in such a manner that the vapor rising from the water may be inhaled through the mouth and nose. Keep the edges of the towel closely tucked in about the face so that very little of the vapor will escape, either during inspiration or expiration. Hold the face in this position, taking deep breaths, for about five minutes, and repeat every two hours.

In this manner the volatile substances in the balsam are brought directly in contact with the inflamed surfaces of the mucous membrane in the throat, and back of the nasal cavity. These substances are peculiarly soothing and stimulating to the membranes, and when applied in the manner described will often relieve the pain of a sore throat, at the same time exerting a curative effect.

Friar's balsam is an ancient remedy which has never gone out of fashion completely. It was considered almost a panacea at one time; but its usefulness is now confined largely to the treatment of sore throats, chapped surfaces, and for giving relief in certain cases of persistent itching. For this last purpose it is painted on the skin and allowed to dry, the process being repeated as often as necessary for comfort.

To Remove Adhesive Plaster.

Everyone knows how to apply adhesive plaster; but, curiously enough, most people do not know how to remove it. It can be pulled off, of course, but that hurts. Moreover, even when the plaster itself is removed, there remains grimy, sticky marks at the edges of the plaster which resist persistent scrubbing with soap and water, or any ordinary dirt removers.

These stains, and the plaster itself, may be removed with the greatest ease by using a few drops of gasoline. The best way is to moisten a bit of cotton in gasoline, pick up one corner of the adhesive strip and apply the gasoline to the adhesive surface. In this way the plaster may be removed quickly, and without causing the slightest pain. The grimy stains may be removed by rubbing the gasoline-soaked cotton over them a few times.

It should be borne in mind that gasoline is an excellent antiseptic; so that in using it for cleansing the edges of a cut or bruise that has been covered with adhesive plaster one accomplishes the double purpose of getting off the plaster and getting out the germs. Chloroform will serve the same purpose for removing the plaster; but chloroform is expensive and difficult to obtain, and possesses no advantages over the cheaper article.

Sciatica.

Sciatica, with which everyone is more or less familiar, and which generally manifests itself as a severe pain in the back of the leg running down from the hip to the knee, is a somewhat complicated condition, as the following quotation from Medical Progress shows:

"The term sciatica is a little hard to define. It is not a specific disease, but a group of little diverse conditions whose principal symptom is pain in the distribution of the sciatic nerve. In many cases we find a pure neuralgia, in which pain is the only symptom obtainable. The next case may be one of neuritis or else the pain may be due to compression of the nerve or of its roots.

"What brings on an attack of sciatica? The answers to this question are as various as the causes of the trouble. A chilling, especially when accompanied by a wetting, is the exciting cause in a large proportion of attacks. Sleeping in a damp room or in a damp bed will almost surely bring on a case of the disease in a susceptible patient. We have the authority of Growers for saying that sciatica often develops from a gouty diathesis. Chronic alcoholism will render a man liable to it, as are the victims of other chronic intoxications, diabetes, for instance. In such patients and in anemic individuals, the attacks may come on without any apparent cause."

Treatment for Knockout Blow.

It was very generally known, even before Bob Fitzsimmons's classic demonstration at Carson City, that a blow in the solar plexus region may render a person unconscious for hours. But curiously enough no effective method of counteracting the effect of this misfortune has been devised until recently. One of the European medical journals, however, has just published a method of restoring consciousness, as applied by Prof. Molle, an army surgeon. A typical example of a battlefield "knock-out" is described, and the method of restoring consciousness urged by the professor is given as follows:

"The victim of the accident was a young man who had received a blow in the pit of the stomach from the butt of a gun, and dropped unconscious at once. When Prof. Molle reached him half an hour later he found him absolutely unconscious although racked by efforts to vomit. Molle pressed on the nerves and vessels at each side of the neck, applying the thumb pressure again and again, briefly, repeatedly, and forcibly, hoping to act thus on the nerves rather than the vessels in the neck. The latter are affected more by slow, progressive and prolonged pressure.

"Five or six seconds after he had begun this staccato pressure just inside the large neck muscle, the young man opened his eyes, sat up, and, looking in surprise at the

group around him, asked what had happened. In an hour he felt quite himself but had some nausea and no appetite for the following three days."

This method of restoring consciousness should be remembered as a useful first-aid measure. The condition for which it is used is a comparatively common one, but most distressing; and hitherto there has been no very effective method of relieving it.

Hasty Announcements of Discoveries.

The announcement of these three methods of treating cancer has been criticised in certain quarters because the remedies in question had not been given the severe test of long application. It is the custom in the world of science to withhold the announcement of discoveries until their value is proved beyond question. Thus Darwin withheld the announcement of his discovery of evolution for nearly twenty years after he was convinced of its truth.

But the discovery of one of nature's laws, and that of some method of alleviating human suffering, are two very different propositions. It makes very little difference to the generality of people whether the discovery of a new planet or any new law in abstract science is announced today, or twenty years hence; but it is a matter of vital importance to a person stricken with a serious disease whether the announcement of some remedy for curing his malady is made at once or at some future time. The justification of hasty announcement of any possible cancer remedy was given recently in a report of 700 cases of cancer treated by Autolysin, as follows:

"Taught by past experience, I feel very certain that there will be few ultraconservative or unimaginative critics who will ask why we have not delayed this report another six months or another year, until it could speak the final word as to results in a larger proportion of cases. The answer is very simple: Malignant neoplasms (cancers) do not wait. Thousands of patients whom Autolysin might aid are at a stage where another month would place them beyond reach of its benefactions, and another six months would bring them to the grave.

"Consider these facts. Although precise statistics are not available, enough is familiarly known to justify the estimate that about 275 patients die of cancer each day in the United States alone—275 each day, 1900 each week, 8000 each month, not far from 100,000 every year; the toll is exacted with appalling regularity. So each week's delay implies the death of 1900 more victims of cancer. More people die each week

of cancer in the United States than went down with the Titanic or Lusitania.

"I do not mean to imply that the particular 1900 that are to die next week would be saved by Autolysin; they are moribund and beyond the reach of remedies. But just as regularly as the toll of death is taken must it occur that a like company of sufferers pass day by day and week by week across the ill-defined but all-important line that places them beyond hope of reprieve. This week, conceivably, Autolysin might help them; next week their powers of recuperation will have waned just past the point of possible recovery.

"If, then, the announcement of the possible benefactions of Autolysin were delayed another six months, something like 50,000 cancer sufferers would have passed the shadowy and intangible, but for them critical and all-important line. In the five months since Dr. Beebe's first announcement was printed in the New York Medical Journal, Autolysin has reached about 700 persons suffering from inoperable cancer, and, as we have seen, about two-thirds of these have been markedly benefited. But who can forget that in the same period something like 40,000 other persons, similarly afflicted and in dire extremity, have passed into the realm of the irrecoverable?

Simple Method of Preventing Pyorrhoea.

It is well known that the disease of the gums called pyorrhoea is responsible for certain diseased conditions of the body, aside from the diseases of the gums themselves. When pyorrhoea is well established it is a difficult condition to cure; but Prof. Fischer has recently pointed out that a solution of ipecac used as a mouth-wash is an effective preventive. A few drops of the tincture of ipecac, or two drops of the fluid extract of the same drug, should be dissolved in a half glassful of water, and the mouth rinsed thoroughly with this mixture before retiring.

This treatment will not cure a case of well established pyorrhoea, but it is said to check the condition in the earlier stages, and will prevent the spread of the disease with great certainty.

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits BRAIN AND BRAWN, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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Saturday, December 11, 1915.

The White Coal of Brazil.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

The Great Rivers.

THEIR ELECTRIC POSSIBILITIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE FALLS OF PAULO AFFONSO AND THEIR 1,000,000 HORSE POWER—HOW THE THREE CASCADES RUN THE CITY OF SAO PAULO—THE IGUAUSSU AND GUAYRA CATARACTS, WHOSE WATER POWER EQUALS NIAGARA—CASCADES OF THE AMAZON TRIBUTARIES—LIFE AND TRAVEL ON THE GREAT RIVERS OF NORTHERN BRAZIL—MANAOS, A GREAT RUBBER METROPOLIS IN THE HEART OF THE WILDERNESS

From Our Own Correspondent.

PERNAMBUCO.—The white coal of Brazil. It has a potentiality of millions of horse-power, and it will eventually make this country a great industrial empire. By white coal I mean the great waterfalls. The country is full of them, and almost every State has enormous possibilities in the way of hydro-electric development. A general idea of Brazil is that the country is flat. The truth is it is made up of mountains and highlands, and even outside the Amazon it has some of the most wonderful waterfalls of our hemisphere. Many of the cities are already lighted and moved by such falls. This is so of Rio de Janeiro, whose lights can be seen by the steamers several hours before they come into the harbor. Those lights are generated by falls fifty miles away in the Organ Mountains. They are made by a dam that supplies something like 50,000-horse power. They not only light Rio but they move its tramways and they supply light and power to the surrounding country.

These notes are written at Pernambuco, not far from the mouth of the Sao Francisco River. That river has falls with a potentiality of more than 2,000,000-horse power; and a concession has been granted to one company for the development of one-tenth

this amount. The first installation, I am told, is to produce 200,000-horse power. This is to come from the Paulo Afonso Falls, which are 150 miles or so from the mouth of the Sao Francisco River. To get there you go from Pernambuco up the coast to the mouth of that river and then take a small steamer and travel for a day until you reach a railroad station, from which the trains take you to the tremendous canyon into which the river pours. The Sao Francisco has five branches which unite above the falls and then take a mighty leap over the black rocks of the canyon. The falls are 250 miles from the capital of the State of Bahia. They are in the heart of an undeveloped empire, and one that may some day be a great cotton plantation. The concession already granted is for seventy years. It will probably be followed by

years. It will
others.

The city of São Paulo, the metropolis of Southern Brazil, gets its electric power from the River Tiete. It comes from a hydroelectric plant, situated about eighteen or twenty miles away. There in a distance of less than one-half mile the Tiete falls thirty-three feet; and this fall, by means of dams and electric generators, is supplying both light and power to a town of more than 500,000 inhabitants. The concession belongs to and is run by Canadian and United States citizens. It is profitable.

Between São Paulo and Salto de Itu the Tietê River has falls where, in rapids ninety feet long, 75,000-horse power can be generated, and lower still are other falls which are now reached by the Brazilian North-western Railway. The river will supply an enormous electric force. At its mouth, preceded by rapids, is the cascades of Itapura, which falls forty-four feet, and not far away is another fall on the Rio Grande River, of which the Tietê is a tributary.

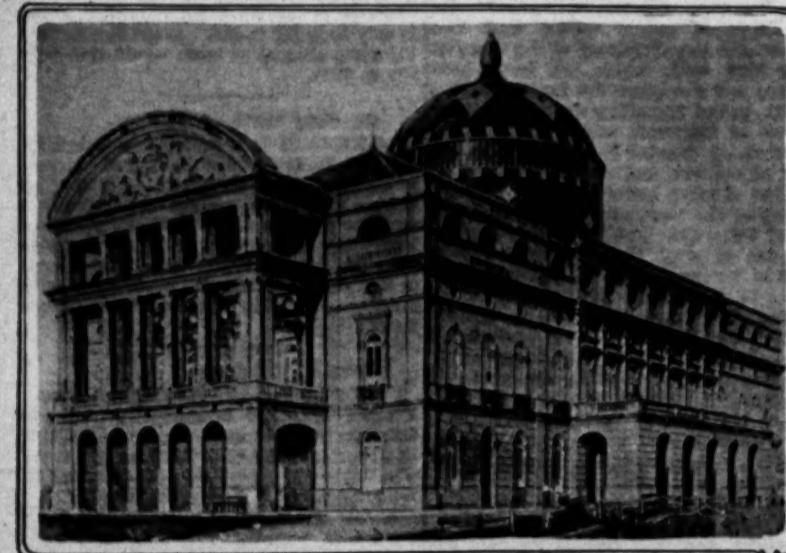
The volume of water of these two falls is so great that 1,000,000-horse power could be developed from them.

Many Great Cataracts

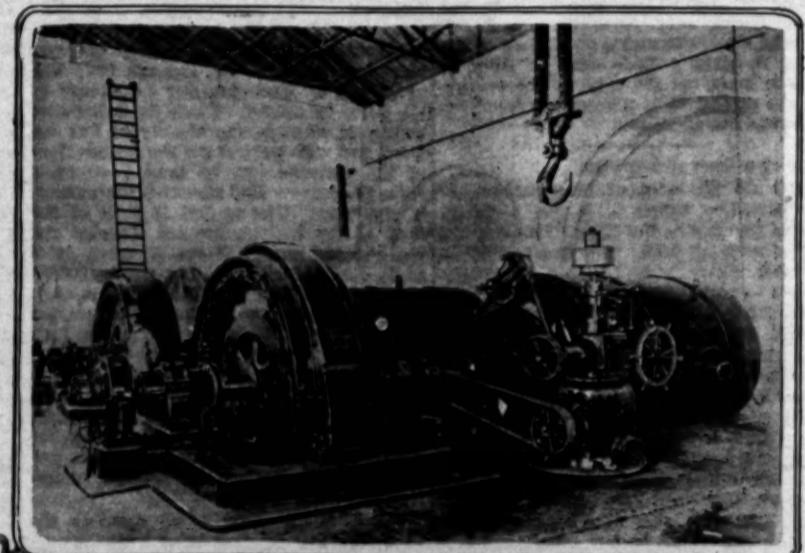
There are many other great cataracts besides these I have mentioned. The Ivahy River at Rio Branco has a fall almost 300 feet high, and one fall on the River Preto in the State of Goyaz is 240 feet. The Tocantin has falls of 200 feet, while those of Benevento and the Saito Grande on the Jequitinhonha are each about 150 feet. The Onca Falls on the Rio Grande River are said to have a potentiality of 400,000 horse-power, while those of Dourado, on the Parnahyba, have 400,000. In the State of Minas Geraes there are more than 200 waterfalls and cascades that will generate commercial electricity, and the State of Sao Paulo claims to have more than 2,000,000-horse power as yet undeveloped. With an empire like that of Brazil, a country of enormous resources, encouraged by a protective tariff, it would seem that these electrical possibilities might be turned into fortunes.

As to the rivers of Northern Brazil, I have already spoken of the Paulo Affonso Falls. They are on the Sao Francisco, a river which is the third in size in South America, and the fourth largest on our hemisphere. In this I put the Amazon first, the Mississippi second and the Parana third. The Sao Francisco runs through more territory than any European river except the Volga. It crosses a plateau where for more than 1000 miles it is navigable and navigated. Its only obstruction is at the Paulo Affonso Falls; and it may be that a canal will some day make that part of easy access to the sea.

Altogether Northern Brazil has more than thirteen rivers upward of a thousand miles long, and it has nine or ten that range in length from 500 to 1000 miles. Nearly all of these rivers have waterfalls at some point in their course. The names of many of these streams are unknown to the



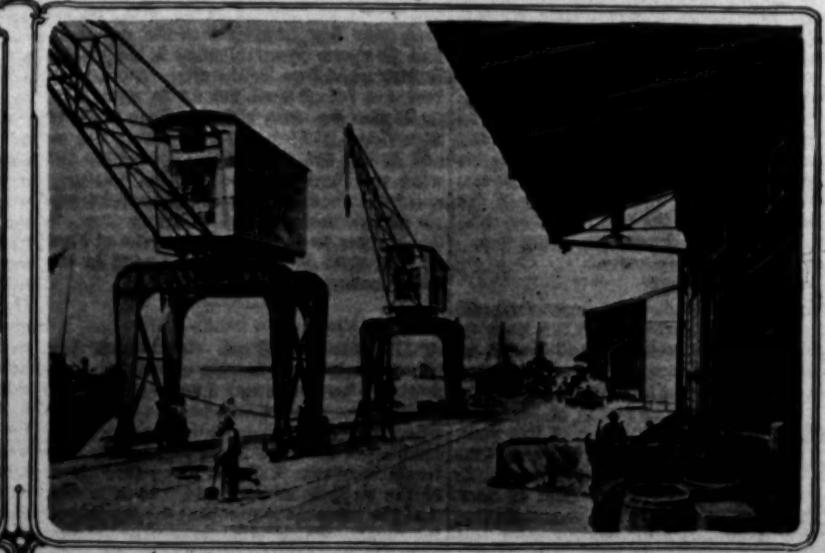
Manaos Theater.



Electric light plant moved by Falls of Gaviao Peixoto



Falls of Piracicaba.



Electric cranes at the mouth of the Amazon.

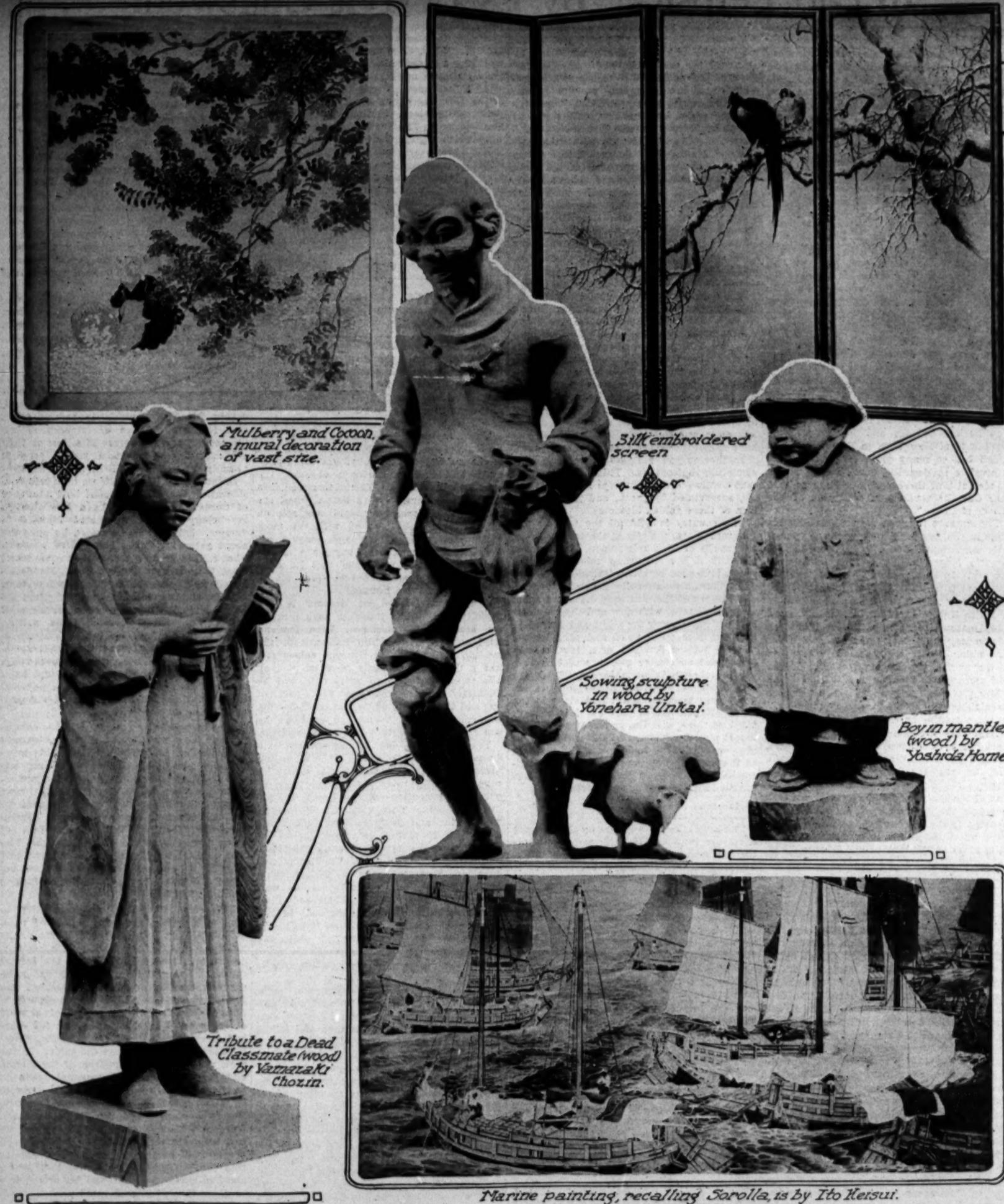
"B
ACHAEL von Karpf, what is that
art, my picture, more than I love
you, Bachelor, my lover! That I have made
out now, which was always
particulars of my thought and life!"

RECONCILIATION.

In Old Lepisic. By Eva Davis Cogswell.

[Saturday, December 11, 1915.]

Japanese Art Surrenders to Western Influences.

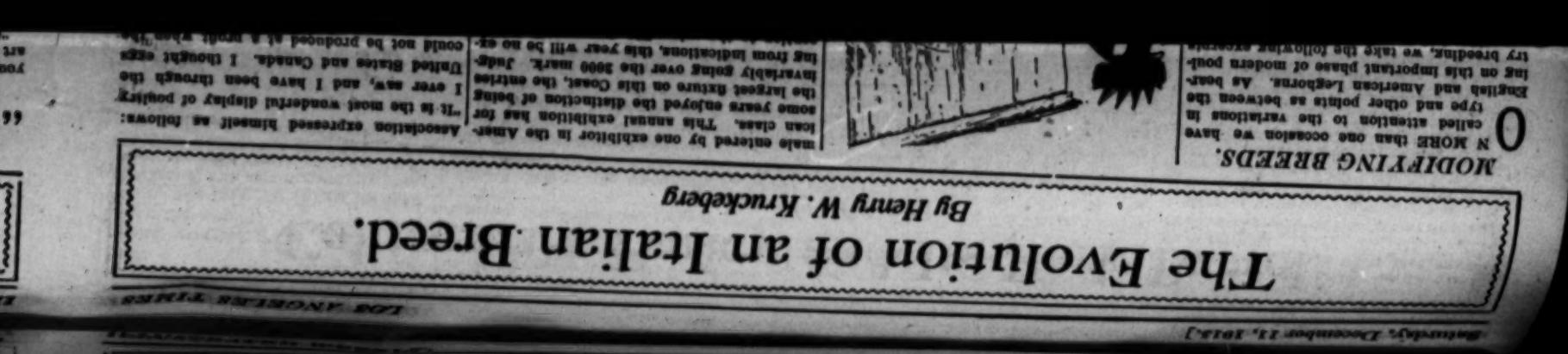


The Japanese have a well-earned reputation for cleverness in beating the rest of the world at its own game. Now it is art, particularly painting. One of the most striking and curious revelations of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco is the fact that Japanese art has been modified, almost revolutionized, by the European or "Western" influences which dominate our own painting, sculpture and design. Japan's representative art exhibits, occupying a suite of nine rooms in the Fine Arts Palace, include painting and sculpture, prints, wood and metal work, dyed fabrics and embroideries, lacquer, porcelain and cloisonné enamel. While there are many interesting pictures, both in oil and in water colors, in the purely Japanese style, the really big things are those in which the newly-adopted modern or "western" technique prevails.

The explanation is that Japan is now in a transitional period of her national life. New ideals and emotions deflect her art expression from the accustomed forms, even while the traditional spirit lingers.

"Sailing Boats," a large and spirited oil painting by Ito Keisui, is a conspicuous example of this tendency. At first glance, it might almost be a Sorolla. Detailed examination, however, shows a Japanese method.

The large-sized sculptures in wood are remarkable, not only as being executed with the fine artistry usually bestowed upon bronzes and ivory carvings, but also for the emotional expression achieved by broad and simple means. There is a native humor in the "The Sower," and tender pathos in the tribute to a dead classmate, which the Japanese sculptor, Yamazaki Chosin, has entitled "Broken Branches."



MODIFYING BREEDS.

Montgomery, December 22, 1911.

The Evolution of an Italian Breed.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

California's Barley and Its Pork Barrel.

By Percy L. Edwards.

GOOD COMBINATION.

FOR more than a generation barley has been a name to conjure with in the commercial life of California. It is the principal cereal of this Coast. Today barley ranks fifth in importance among the great foodstuffs in international trade. The past year's government return gave it a valuation of \$226,000,000. Of this valuation California contributed nearly \$50,000,000. On an acreage estimated at less than 1,500,000 this State produced a little less than 44,000,000 bushels. Barley is known to have a wide range of cultivation and is grown all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to the Selkirks. Its greatest success is found, however, in the rich interior valleys of California. Although thirty-five States are now producing this cereal not one approaches by 10,000,000 bushels the crop of California.

Up to within a few years the chief importance of barley was for malting purposes and as horse and cattle feed. A very small proportion is still used for human consumption in the shape of "pearl barley." A few years ago experiments were made at some of the experimental farms to determine the relative value of grains for fattening purposes. These experiments disclosed the high per cent. of nitrogenous matter in barley as compared with other grains, including corn. Some analyses showed 69 per cent. nitrogen; 12 per cent. protein and nearly 3 per cent. ash. Actual experience in feeding barley to fattening pigs has since proven the great value of this grain for this purpose and today barley-fed hogs make as marketable pork as corn-fed hogs of the Middle West.

Barley is a hardy plant and will exist and do well where corn will not. The semi-arid conditions that prevail in some parts of the State are no deterrents to success with this crop. The growing grain does not require much moisture and the general atmospheric conditions which prevail, especially in the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, are found to be ideal for this crop. Lately, the Imperial Valley of the Colorado is producing huge crops of barley as its acreage increases. It is not to be understood that only the lower valleys are suited for this grain crop. On the mesa lands are found some of the most productive soils and some of the best crops. The mixed soils are best for this grain and they should not be too rich in nitrogen.

Ten years ago California produced but 26,606,000 bushels of barley, while Minnesota produced 29,000,000 bushels. From that time the crop of this State has far outranked any other portion of the United States, although the Minnesota-North Dakota section has been considered an ideal section for this crop.

With the discovery of the value of barley for fattening pigs, there is being planted an increased acreage of this grain. With the knowledge of its value as hog feed and the possession of the greatest of all forage crops to help out the grain ration, the hog producers of the Pacific Coast are going to do things on the hog market in the years to come. It is recognized among those of some knowledge of the business and conditions, that there are no real difficulties in the way of raising hogs successfully in California. There is, however, a lack of producers. Not of big producers so much as the little producers, those owning small ranches. To these latter are to be looked for a great impetus in both improved stock and production. Its barley and its alfalfa will, it is confidently expected, soon put California in the very first rank of pork producing States.

According to the estimates of packers and shippers, about \$20,000,000 in value of pork stuff is needed annually to supply the demand of our people. In no part of this country, perhaps, is the truth of the assertion, "hogs is hogs," better appreciated than in California. With an area of 158,360 square miles we now are producing but 817,500 hogs, at a valuation of about \$9,500,000. While such States as New York, not in the corn area, with less than 50,000 square miles, this year produced nearly 800,000 hogs. Illinois, much smaller in area, raised 3,900,000 head the past year. It is stated on authority that at least forty cars of pork products are received every week from eastern shippers, while large shipments are received every

day from Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

Now, why not raise a few more hogs right here at home, where plenty of the best feed for hogs can be produced in our rich valleys at a cost no greater in proportion, when the better prices obtained for hogs is considered, than the cost of food products in the East and other States? While the ranchers of this State are investing time, labor and money in vineyards and orchards, the products of which must seek a market far to the East, right here at home is an opportunity that equals any of the orchard products as a paying investment. Barley is the grain most used in finishing hogs for market in this State. Barley is the big staple grain of the State. Barley may be bought in bulk for about \$1.10 per 100 pounds. Wheat and Indian corn are available. Sugar-beet pulp and the refuse of the harvest are a rich feed for hogs where available. California produces the greatest forage crop in its alfalfa production of any section of the country. Alfalfa is the best forage crop for young pigs known to the producers of pork, because it is richer in protein and ash and furnishes more nearly a balanced ration than any other available crop. Add to this that alfalfa is the cheapest fodder produced in large quantity.

In combination with rolled barley, alfalfa and the root crops such as sugar-beets and skimmed milk, where available, pork can

be prepared for the market to as good advantage and of as good quality as anywhere produced. The writer knows there is a strong sentiment in favor of corn-fed hogs for the best pork. It may be that bacon is best prepared by feeding hogs Indian corn. However this may be, barley-fed hogs raised on alfalfa forage are now coming into competition with the corn-fed hogs of the Middle West. Up to a few years ago this Coast offered no competition in the hog market with the packers and shippers of the corn belt. It is only within the past several years that the value of alfalfa as stock feed and its adaptability to our climate and soil have been learned. Just at this time California has on hand the greatest crop of alfalfa since alfalfa was first raised here. With the knowledge of its fattening qualities as hog feed, there is bound to come a big increase in hog production. As a matter of fact, hogs do well in our climate. The expense of housing is eliminated because of the absence of any severe weather. The open weather makes foraging an easy method of feeding growing stock. For years our farmers have been dominated by the spirit of "special crops." Diversified farming was not intended for California, has been the argument. But farmers realizing that special crops sometimes give an edge to the old saying, "Do not put all your eggs in one basket," are, at least conservatively adopting diversified methods. The smaller land holder must of necessity diversify his crops to make both ends meet. With diversified farming, stock in some proportion always counts as a factor. And what more valuable stock at this time than hogs?

We have every advantage in the production of pork, save the one questionable exception of corn feed. It is true we are not in the corn belt. But at the same time we are largely exempt from the diseases that afflict the hog in the corn area. The mild climate and cool nights permit rapid growth of young pigs and permit also the production of a second litter the same year. Pasture is open practically the year around for the growing animals. This foraging in pasture is good for the hog and good for the consumer. The exercise makes better meat. Besides there is less expense in the production of hogs raised in pasture for nine months of the year. Of course, it must be understood that judgment must be used in cropping the alfalfa fields. A large number of young pigs running at large during the wet season will destroy many acres of alfalfa in a comparatively short time. During wet, soggy weather hogs should be kept out of the forage fields. At all other times the alfalfa field is the place for the growing animals.

The Sacramento, San Joaquin and Imperial valleys are the great alfalfa, as well as the grain-producing sections of California. These sections are ideal for hog raising. In these sections some Indian corn is raised,

but the principal hog feed for fattening purposes is barley. Barley is almost as valuable a feed as corn. It should be rolled and it is very often cooked before feeding. Some very good results are obtained by cooking grain before feeding. With a large number of hogs the cooking of the grain feed may be impracticable. As before stated, barley fed in combination with the alfalfa forage is a great balance of fattening feeds for hogs. The saving in the expense of feeding by this combination is estimated at about 15 per cent. over the dry-grain rations. Alfalfa alone will keep a hog growing. When the grain ration is added in moderate quantity the best of results is produced. Mature hogs may be kept going on the alfalfa alone, but some grain ration should be added to the feed of young stock. In the dairy country where skimmed milk can be had, this milk adds fattening conditions to grain and alfalfa. Skimmed milk with alfalfa was found to be a good substitute for grain in the proportion of 8 to 1, in a recent experiment. But the best result was obtained from the barley and alfalfa combination. With the alfalfa pasture hogs should be fed about one pound of grain for each 100 pounds of weight per day. Now with a good water supply and the alfalfa pasture and grain for the feeding, the conditions are ideal. And in no other country are these conditions more so than in our great valleys.

California hogs are often fitted for market on an almost exclusive diet of alfalfa. For cheap production this way cannot be equaled anywhere else in this country. But this is not the best plan and does not produce pork that will stand in competition with corn-fed hogs. A grain ration is essential in feeding hogs to produce the best results. An acre of alfalfa pasture will provide forage for say ten growing pigs. But, of course, this will depend upon the field of alfalfa and also the size of the animals. What California hog growers could do for us, if they would, may be understood from the tremendous alfalfa crop production. The Imperial Valley alone, the latest section of the State to go into extensive planting of alfalfa, now has over 100,000 acres. In the year preceding the present over 32,000 tons of alfalfa hay were shipped outside the Imperial Valley. In the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys last season's crops of alfalfa run into the hundreds of thousands of tons. The crop was so big and the demand for it so poor that large tracts were used for fertilizer. Under such conditions why should not California raise more hogs? So far as disease is concerned, it is a negligible quantity. Aside from cholera, hogs are less subject to disease than most other animals. Hogs reproduce faster, make better gains per pound of feed consumed, than do most other farm animals. From agricultural reports it is learned that the annual increase of horses, cattle and sheep, is from 50 to 100 per cent. If there was any proper proportion of this increase compared with hogs, hogs should show an increase of 500 to 1000 per cent. From some experiments made to test the relative fattening qualities of stock, it is found that farm animals make such gains as these: Cattle, 9 pounds; sheep, 11 pounds; while pigs show a gain of 23 pounds. And yet the hog production of California increases slowly in comparison with other sections of this country where the conditions are not so good.

With such conditions prevailing as those enumerated above, it certainly looks like a very good proposition to raise more hogs. Prices for all pork stuff are higher than for any other meats. The last report of the Agricultural Department at Washington shows that hog products have practically doubled in value since 1900. Pork prices today at Chicago range as high as \$9.70 per 100 pounds. And yet during this period the number of hogs found on the farms of this country has decreased nearly 4,000,000 head.

With all the natural advantages of climate, feed and range throughout the year, to be successful with hogs will require sound judgment in the handling of the animals. So far as the breed is concerned, the writer is one of an increasing body of interested producers who go more on selection than breed. Good breeding is all right. But careful selection and elimination in any one of our standard breeds will produce stock equally

satisfactory. Hog raisers in California seem to prefer to breed the lard-producing hogs in preference to the leaner breeds, or bacon-producing hogs. The Durocs are therefore largely in evidence hereabouts. There is some mixing of Duroc with Tamworth stock, which mixture has produced good results. They prove better feeders than Yorkshires. In an experiment made to test the relative feeding qualities of these three breeds, using one pound of grain with the alfalfa forage for each eighty-five pounds of hog weight. Shelled Indian corn was used as the grain. The feeding was from May to October. The Tamworths made the best showing on the grain ration, 271 pounds gain; the Durocs 242 pounds gain and the Yorkshires 168 pounds gain. In all experiments made the result seems to indicate that bacon hogs do better on grain and the lard hogs better on skimmed milk. This being so it would seem that the lard hogs would be the hogs for the dairy country, while such breeds as the Tamworths are best adapted to the grain and corn producing sections.

All experiments point to the value of alfalfa as the greatest of forage crops for hogs. Some reasonable arrangement should be made to divide the field so as to avoid too close cropping and to provide alfalfa that is tender and succulent. It should not be pastured too young, nor yet should it get past its fresh, tender condition. An abundance of water and shade should be handy for the pastured hogs. There is no better way to prevent fatalities among hogs than to keep them cool in the heated season. It will be better for the pasture if old alfalfa is kept cut down. This method gives better chance for the growing alfalfa. Do not overstock the fields of alfalfa as that is liable to result in rooting and destroying the alfalfa roots.

The Age of Genius.

[Irish World:] At the age of 18 David is said to have written his first psalm; Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" and Mendelssohn composed his music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

At 19 Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis."

At 21 Disraeli wrote "Vivian Gray."

At 22 Alexander Dumas wrote plays; Voltaire's first tragedy was brought out and Keats wrote "Endymion."

At 23 Horace is said to have written his first odes, Heine published his first songs, and Schiller's "The Robbers" had made him famous.

At 24 Shakespeare wrote his first play.

At 26 Sheridan wrote "The School for Scandal."

At 28 Racine wrote "Andromache" and Hannah Moore wrote "The Search After Happiness."

At 29 Addison's first essay appeared; Owen Meredith published "Lucile."

At 31 Pliny finished his "German War."

At 34 Thomas A. Kempis wrote "Imitation of Christ."

At 35 Mohammed began the Koran and Poe wrote "The Raven."

At 36 Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" had appeared.

At 50 Bunyan finished "A Pilgrim's Progress."

At 51 Dante finished his "Divina Commedia."

At 60 Homer is said to have composed the Iliad.

At the Prize Fight.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] Andrew Carnegie said at a luncheon in New York:

"To the Martian or any other higher intelligence this world war, which every belligerent entered with the declaration that he didn't want to fight, but was forced to—this world war would seem to a higher intelligence, I repeat, as unreasonable as the prize fight seemed to the old lady."

"An old lady said on her return from the city:

"My rich son-in-law took me to a prize fight one evening. I never saw such a thing. The two men came out on the stage and shook hands like the best of friends. Then they began to punch each other, and all for nothing. They kept on punching away till a man in the corner yelled 'Time!' Nobody answered him, so I pulled out my watch and shouted 'Ten o'clock!'"

In Old Leipsic. By Eva Davis Cogswell.

RECONCILIATION.

"RACHAEL Von Krupp, what is that you say to me? That I love my art, my pictures, more than I love you, Rachael, my love? That I have made art the mistress of my thought and life?"

"Oh, no, no; you cannot mean what you say. You do not realize what your words imply."

"Your accusation, too, is made on the merest coincidence; that I go always early, I stay always late, that I am always at the studio!"

"You say my dear child Elise is forgotten. Mein Gott, Rachael, you know that is false! Elise is all the world to me; you know it! You say that I dragged you from America to live here in Germany, that I might always in the shadow of the great university."

"Why, Rachael, dear heart, remember I met you first in this beautiful city Leipsic. Did I not? Am I not telling you truly? Did you not leave America to study your own art, music, at our universities—Munich, Leipsic and Heidelberg?"

"Did we not meet in the great Symphony Hall one day? Do you not remember when our eyes met? Oh, Rachael, and now you say art is my mistress, that I care nothing for you. Oh, shame to you! Good-by. I must be off. My picture is beautiful; it will make the name of Von Krupp, famous throughout the whole world of art!"

"With every stroke of my brush, Rachael, I have loved you, as you will see when the picture is hung in the gallery for the critics of the world to judge. You will find the picture just y-o-u, you, you!"

"Good-by, my sweetest of mistresses, my inspiration."

Time goes on, some months elapsed. Gustav Von Krupp is not himself. Gustav cannot paint. His brushes simply daub. His hand is unsteady. There is no life or action in a single stroke on the canvas.

His friend, Anton, a fellow-student in past years, who now has an easel in Von Krupp's studio, only to be near his friend, has already noticed the listlessness of Von Krupp and one evening ventures a remark, for his sympathy is deep and keen.

"Can I do anything for you, Gustav?"

Von Krupp did not answer. Anton shook his head gravely and sighed deeply; surely something is wrong; Gustav is plainly not himself. Never before had his brushes daubed, and his great masterpiece so near completion. The studio was growing dark.

"Shall I wait for you, Gustav?" asked Anton. He touched him gently on the shoulder. Gustav started, turned toward his faithful Anton, of whose love he was always sure. A look of recognition came into the artist's face. A wonderful smile changed his whole countenance. At times he was not beautiful, but the rarest of smiles often illuminated his face with great beauty and made him one of the most sympathetic of humans, one of the most magnetic of men.

"Come, let us go on," said Von Krupp; and linking arms, the two, friends from early manhood, walked out of the studio into the fresh, crisp air. Von Krupp, engrossed in thought, walked on and on, with Anton ever watching and noting the sorrow of his countenance.

At last Anton cried out to his friend: "Stay, what is the matter? Where are we wandering? Von Krupp, you are not your self."

"Ja, ja, keep at me; where am I going? Ja, ja, that's it. Can't a fellow be silent without the world hooting in his ears, 'What's the matter, what, what?'"

After a few moments Anton stopped. "I'll go no further, my friend, till I know your trouble."

When they reached Von Krupp's lodgings he stood waiting for Anton.

"Aren't you coming up tonight?"

"I'd better not."

"Why not?" cried Von Krupp; "come," he said.

Together they went up three flights of stairs, silent, arm linked in arm. Taking out his key, Von Krupp opened the door to a beautiful salon. Here the artist Gustav Von Krupp and Madam Von Krupp were wont to hold their guests enthralled with the beauty of their conjugal life. It

was here that the men and women, famous in old Germany's art and higher social circles, were glad to congregate. Nobility, too, frequented this salon. It was here Von Krupp with his beautiful Rachael, the mother of his darling Elise, had lived and loved; but now there were shadows. Shadows in the east at sunrise and the same shadow daily obscured the beautiful sunsets of the west. These were days of darkness.

With a direct question, Von Krupp assailed his friend in harsh strident tones: "What do you know? What are the people saying, Anton? Out with it!"

"It is serious; too serious; I dare not speak lest you condemn your friend for answering your question."

"Tell me the worst. What is the scandal-mongers love to say?"

"Mein Gott! It is not about my wife? Speak, or I strike you! Speak, Anton!"

"Yes, that is it. Madam Von Krupp, they say, is untrue; that she has no love for baby Elise; that she doesn't longer care for you or your great works of art."

"Do they say that she no longer loves?"

"Quite so; that is what they say."

"Do they associate anyone with her?"

"Yes; they say the man is alien; that madam is carried away by his foreign ways, his lavish instincts; the gentleman is an American."

"Oh, God! Now I know! It is Bristow!" They sat a long time in silence.

"Good friend, your love has done me good. It will keep me. What the gossips say is true. I have hell all about me. Yet I cannot think she does not love her child."

"Hardly that," replied Anton. "Mother love is instinct; it never changes. The love of man for woman and woman's love for man is a different thing. As the wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, so a woman's love for a man can go here, there or anywhere."

"I have already refused my home to Bristow. If I can keep Rachael until I finish my great picture she will know then my great love, and she will requite me. She cannot fail."

"There is not a line of my brush in the great picture which is not expression of my love for her. The central figure, Love, is my Rachael and her child Elise. I must work, work, work, and let her see, as soon as possible, my masterpiece."

"She will throw herself in my arms again. She must. Oh, it is a grand picture, Anton."

Anton rose to go. "Good-night, Gustav."

"Good-night," my good friend. "I lay caught against you. You only put in words what the birds chatter in my ears; what the very twigs on the trees echo."

"Oh, those wicked monsters, the scandal-mongers, the flchers of good names! Bah! What rubbish is all this. I prove it soon, Anton, soon. Good-night."

Von Krupp worked zealously at his picture. Rachael seemed to respond to his atmosphere of hope. Their evenings were joyous, which Gustav counted as so many tricks in the winning of the game.

At the studio one beautiful morning the light was perfect. Rachael's farewell to Gustav that morning had been tender and sweet, and how he had worked that day, inspired by the woman he so deeply loved, until the shadows shut out the north light, the artist's true light, and he could paint no more.

With whistling and singing he began to clean up, to get ready to go home—to her and her child.

Was there ever such happiness? he thought.

When he arrived at the house he saw the shades had not been drawn; there was no light; twilight was falling. A sickening fear seized him. He hurried inside the house.

What he most feared had come upon him—just when his hope was strongest, his heart lightest. Rachael had gone! The world would now know. He read again the letter in his hand.

"My little girl is all I have left to me. What's to be done? The world must not censure Rachael. She was a beautiful woman, only 25. Bristow is handsome, lavish and dashing, a true and generous American gentleman."

"I do not want the entire blame to rest

upon her. Whatever comes I, Gustav Von Krupp, her husband, must ever shield her. Elise must not know.

"I am a man past 40. Perhaps too mature—as Rachael has said, too devoted to my canvas. An artist is a selfish dog at best. The world shall not blame her alone. With Elise I will make amends. I will live such a life that Rachael may come back into our life at any moment."

"Oh, art, art!—I thank God I love thee. Thou must ever be my solace."

"Elise, Elise, my little baby, where are you?"

The door was unlocked and he opened it. As he did so, a little fairy, between 2 and 3 years old, bounded into his arms. "Oh, papa, papa, where is mamma?"

"We are alone, alone; mamma has gone journeying, my child!" And he wept, tears falling on her soft brown curls.

"Don't cry, papa. Mamma says I make my eyes red when I cry. Do on don't want wed eyes, do you, papa? I think I saw mamma journeying. Mamma had her lunch with me in the nursery, but she didn't eat a fing, papa, and she cried big tears; I saw two right on her cheek. Then, after lunch, she sang her lullaby to me—mamma's very own lullaby. I told her it wasn't sleepy time; I didn't want to go to sleep. Then she hugged me hard and ran away from me."

"I looked out the window, cause mamma had her hat on in the nursery, and I saw mamma journeying with Mr. Wistow in his great big car. Papa, Mr. Wistow always makes me cry. I don't like Mr. Wistow, but I know mamma does. Oh, papa, what is the matter?"

Gustav had folded little Elise so closely in his arms that he had hurt her in the anguish of it all. Leaving Elise with her dolls, Von Krupp left the apartment. He walked some time up and down Koenig's strasse, and finally darted back into the apartment.

The great picture had been forgotten. He did not go to the studio. That night in his vigil he dreamed of it as he nodded in his chair. Starting up, he exclaimed, "I will destroy it!"

Rushing out into the night, he went to the studio. When inside he lifted the curtain before the picture. There, in truth, was Rachael in all her beauteous perfection.

Von Krupp had suffered beyond his strength. As he raised his hand to draw the curtain, he reeled and stumbled, clutching the air, and fell to the floor.

Here Anton found him. Five weeks he was ill. His faithful friend nursed him back to life. Weathering the point of death, he sailed back into the harbor of life.

As he grew stronger he realized all that had happened to him. When he was strong enough he went from Leipsic to Berlin, to consult his friends, and to find, if he might, some trace of his dear one.

He found they had gone to Hamburg, preparing to sail to America. This information did not surprise Von Krupp, though it bowed him to the earth.

Weeks passed into weeks. Gustav could paint no more. The studio had been closed. Even Anton was not allowed to remove the dust. The artist contented himself playing with Elise, who was fast forgetting mamma's journeying.

Gustav would play doll-house, or anything else and everything else the child demanded.

Her demands so absolutely obeyed, had made her imperious, sometimes so willful that the artist would be shocked, and missed the guiding hand of the mother. At such times Elise, although penitent, was hard to understand.

Von Krupp contemplated going to America. He dared not leave Elise to the tender mercy of Anton alone and had decided to take her with him.

Affairs all arranged, the artist and his little daughter boarded a steamer sailing for New York. The crossing was indeed ideal. Elise was the joy of all on board, and the handsome German captain, Von Moltke, carried her all over the ship perched high on his shoulder. Her laughter rang out in sweetest peals; Elise inherited the beautiful quality of voice of her mother.

She became the mascot of the ship. If Elise were on deck the clouds would scam-

per from the sky as she scampered the decks. If Elise went below, a grayness cast itself over the sky, and over the joy of the passengers.

Sometimes Elise would be found sitting on a coil of rope singing "Mamma's Own Lullaby" to her doll. For a child, her voice was wonderful.

One day, after one of these bursts of song, Von Krupp heard some ladies asking the child about her mamma. "Where is your mamma, Elise?"

Von Krupp stood apart, awaiting with dread the child's answer.

Little Elise wrinkled her brow and said: "I don't quite remember; but I know; it's in my head somewhere, but I can't make it come out. If I think it out before I leave the ship I'll tell you ladies."

She drew out a little chain and locket hidden in her dress. See, Capt. Ship, isn't mamma beautiful?"

The captain was staggered, for when he took the little locket and gazed at the picture he saw the face of a woman who crossed on his ship the season before. Thus the captain better understood Von Krupp, his moods, and his anxious watchfulness over Elise.

Giving the locket back, the captain was going to put Elise on his shoulder for a reconnoiter of the ship.

She looked at him. "Capt. Ship, isn't my mother beautiful? Why didn't you say she was the minute you looked at her picture?" Then she sobbed and burst into tears.

"Oh, how I wish I could think that thing out, in my head, about mamma. 'No, Capt. Ship, I don't want to go with you."

"Yes you do, little mascot," and with a big swing she was on his shoulder, her laughter ringing out and the breezes drying her tears.

Von Krupp sat in the bow of the ship musing. Our journey is coming to an end. Our ship will soon be in port. She has safely crossed the blank page that separates the history of the two worlds—the Old World and the New. With the help of God, I will close the books on the old history. My secret shall be buried in old Leipsic. It shall sleep itself into silence. In the new world I will take up my art with Elise. I leave the old masterpiece with my secret in old Leipsic. God willing, I shall find another picture to paint in my new life."

Elise's birthday was the day before the great ship made her port in New York.

All sorts of plans were made to celebrate it. A huge birthday cake, with many a gift, delighted the child's heart, so that her great beauty was enhanced by her joy.

After the cake had been cut, the table was cleared and Capt. Ship placed her in the center of the table to sing.

There was clapping of hands and flowers were tossed upon the table. She laughed and skipped about, not understanding these compliments, simply enjoying the big fun, she told papa.

After the clapping of hands subsided, she made a royal courtesy and began to sing. Then came more clapping of hands, more flowers; more fun for the little girl with more skipping and laughing.

Suddenly she stopped and held out her hands to "Capt. Ship" to be taken down.

She ran directly to her stateroom, dragging out her little chain, and carrying with her her old doll, though she had several new dolls, which had just been given her for birthday gifts.

A steward placed the little chairs where Elise directed, in the center of the table. With her dear dilapidated old doll she sat down, crossing her little feet and rocking to and fro, she sang "Mamma's Own Lullaby."

Standing aloof, as was his custom, Von Krupp's face lighted up as none on the ship had ever seen it; the beautiful smile had come back; his face was illuminated, even as in "Old Leipsic."

Looking at Elise, as she sat in her little

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

California's Barley and Its Pork Barrel.

By Percy L. Edwards.

The Evolution of an Italian Breed.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

MODIFYING BREEDS.

ON MORE than one occasion we have called attention to the variations in type and other points as between the English and American Leghorns. As bearing on this important phase of modern poultry breeding, we take the following excerpts from the December number of the Journal of Heredity, published by the American Genetic Association of Washington, D. C. Allowing for the fact that the White Leghorn is, par excellence, the popular egg-breed of California, we feel sure our Leghorn friends will note with interest the facts therein presented:

"It is only about three-quarters of a century since domestic fowls of Italy were brought to the United States and formed the basis of the Leghorn breed. In their native home they were, and are, largely mongrel in character, with various colors of plumage, legs, face and ear-lobes. Taken up by expert breeders in this country, they gave rise to eight standard and four non-standard varieties, of which the Single Comb White and Single Comb Brown are by all odds the most important, commercially.

"From America the Leghorn was taken to Germany, where it goes under the name of Italian. Here, too, it was taken up by artists in breeding, but they were unable to produce the great egg yield for which the breed is noted in America, according to Prof. Ehlers of Hanover, who describes the situation in the *Mitteilungen of the Deutsche Landwirtschafts-Gesellschaft* for October 9, 1915.

"A prolonged test at the experiment station of Maryland resulted in egg yields averaging 171 in the first year, the hens laid 149 in the second year, and 115 in the third year. At the New York station, a flock maintained for some time gave 144 eggs as its highest yearly production and 132 as its lowest.

"Citing these figures, Prof. Ehlers says they cannot be equaled by German Leghorns. It is evident to him, therefore, that the capacity for high egg yield must be elsewhere than in the high comb with carefully incised teeth, the long wattles, the great white ear-lobes and the fancy feather patterns, on which the German breeders have spent so much energy.

"Dissatisfaction with the behavior of the Leghorns has led, he reports, to a feeling that the breed should be made over into a typical German breed, possessing a rose comb and short wattles, which will, in his opinion, give it a smarter appearance. By the introduction of new blood, it is hoped to increase the egg yield. He does not say what new blood is being used: in the United States the Hamburg has been the breed employed in the production of the rose comb Leghorns which are fairly widespread.

"This German undertaking, Prof. Ehlers writes, has secured the approval and support of the Board of Agriculture in the Rhine province, and the director of the winter school in Hermeskeil has had, since the year 1912, two flocks, each consisting of a dozen hens and a cock, which he has carefully and intelligently bred to the point of fixity, with most satisfactory results. When this undertaking is carried to its conclusion, the Italian race will have become a pure German race with higher productivity, just as the Leghorn has become a definite and superior American race."

To Director Barth belongs the honor of having produced and disseminated a first-class genuine German fowl, a general-purpose breed with regular, well-developed bodily form and pure color. In its general appearance it recalls the old and unfortunately extinct Alsatian breed. At high altitudes, where the single comb and wattles are likely to freeze in cold weather, the rose comb breed has proved particularly valuable. Farmers praise its usefulness, its hardiness, and its egg yield, even where the single comb is at its best.

The White-Splashed Carneaux for Squabs.

Walter M. Ross of Glendale, who has built up a lucrative business in breeding squabs, finds the White-Splashed Carneaux an ideal breed for his purpose, though breeding for fancy purposes all the standard varieties of the breed. In conversation with the writer



SINGLE-COMB BUFF MINORCA COCK.

It is pleasant to record that at the Panama-Pacific International Poultry Show, the California-bred Buff Minorcas captured all the blue ribbons in the four classes. In type and color scheme, in head and leg points, and in economic values the Buff Minorca has much to commend it. Being still somewhat in the formative period, it offers an interesting subject for the fancier-breeder, calling for judgment in selection and making to attain desired results. To people with a liking for buff-colored plumage, it possesses attractions peculiarly its own.

recently, he stated that after four years of experience he was satisfied that it was the ideal breed for squab production. His records show the Carneaux to surpass Homers in average yearly production by from 8 to 10 per cent., according to age, pens of birds 2 years old producing more squabs per annum than younger birds. The older birds have more experience in feeding, and the eggs are more apt to be fertile during the second year than they are in the first.

Carneau squabs are always in demand in preference to the slightly smaller but more compactly built Homer. While it is true a dark skin on the Homer squab is caused by in-breeding and a poorly balanced ration, the fact still remains that with the best of care and feed the tendency is to throw a dark squab. Again, the size of the Carneaux is just right for almost any purpose for which a squab is used. A squab that will weigh from thirteen to sixteen ounces ought to be large enough for any market. Some breeders are making a mistake in trying to create a demand for squabs weighing up to a pound and a half each. It is sometimes easier to create a demand than to fill it.

The best Carneaux for utility purposes are the splashed, and the more splashed the better the squabs. The average beginner has an entirely wrong idea of the kind of breeding stock he should have. Experience shows that they all want solid red birds, when possibly 90 per cent. are making a start for an exclusive squab plant, and probably have no intention of exhibiting at all. In many such cases vitality has to be sacrificed for color, and certainly the main thing in a squab plant is vigor.

In buying foundation stock for a squab plant secure stock from a breeder who has been breeding long enough to know what he is doing and can show a steady increase every year in the vitality of his birds and in the number of squabs each pair will produce. Buy foundation stock not for color, but for vitality and alertness. A bird with a good bright eye, an alert manner, and an active bearing will be a great help in building up a lot of strong, sturdy breeders.

The Los Angeles Poultry Show.

The official premium list of the eleventh annual poultry show of the Poultry Breeders' Association, to be held in Los Angeles January 5 to 11, 1916, is being mailed to breeders and fanciers while these lines are being written. As usual the book contains the show rules, names of judges, association awards, and special premiums, among the latter being the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly cup for the best male and fe-

male entered by one exhibitor in the American class. This annual exhibition has for some years enjoyed the distinction of being the largest fixture on this Coast, the entries invariably going over the 2000 mark. Judging from indications, this year will be no exception to the rule. The judging will be in the hands of the following recognized authorities:

W. S. Russell, Leghorns, Minorcas, Buff Rocks, Barred Rocks, Cornish, Rhode Island Red males, Langshans and Hamburgs.

A. G. Goodacre, White and Partridge Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Red females and pens, Brahma, Andalusians, Buttercups, Houdans, Lakenvelders, Dorkings, Red Caps, Buckeyes and Guineas.

Will Purdy, Orpingtons, Sussex, Campines, Spanish, Polish, Anconas, turkeys, game, ducks and geese.

Harold Walthew, Game Bantams, Sebrights, Rose Combs, Black Cochins.

Dr. G. Irwin Royce, Bantams, Buff and White Cochins, Japanese, Polish, Cornish, Brahma, Silkie.

The date for the closing of entries is set for December 24, 1915. The fee for fowls, ducks, geese, etc., is \$1 in single classes. Bantams, in single classes, 50 cents. Exhibition pens (poultry,) one male and four females, \$3. Exhibition pens (Bantams,) one male and four females, \$1.50. Breeding yards (poultry,) one male and eight females, \$5. This includes coop, feed, water and attendance. Canaries and cage birds, 25 cents, owners to furnish cages.

The poultrymen are to be congratulated on the fine location for this show at Nos. 237 and 239 South Broadway, Los Angeles. Being held in conjunction with the Prosperity Indoor Carnival insures an attendance aggregating fully 40,000 people during the week.

Jerusalem Artichoke as Poultry Food.

In reply to our request for experiences of poultry breeders with the tubers of Jerusalem artichoke, W. C. Staff of East Bakersfield writes as follows:

"I have grown Jerusalem artichoke for its tubers for about six years for green poultry feed in winter time. As the crop is mature about November 1, and lasts until the latter part of March, I find that it furnishes a good rich green feed, which hens seem to relish at a time when other green foods are scarce. While I have made no tests as to its egg-producing qualities, my hens have laid when my neighbors' were non-productive. As the tubers keep better left in the ground, I dig only a few as needed. Plant in March, preferably in sandy loam, and water freely. Plant but once, as you cannot dig them out clean; but you may need to thin them out in May or June. This last season I had stalks sixteen feet high."

Have others of our readers any experiences to record with this crop and its uses as green feed for chickens?

Caught on the Wing.

It is said that the offerings of Chinese eggs in the Portland (Oregon) market are meeting with a slow sale, even when offered at much lower prices than the American product.

Farmers' Bulletin No. 634 of the United States Department of Agriculture, by Alford R. Lee, is a discussion of the general subject of the production of pigeons for market, with a summary of replies from many pigeon raisers to a list of questions relating to management and profits.

Commenting on his visit to Petaluma, Secretary Campbell of the American Poultry

Association expressed himself as follows: "It is the most wonderful display of poultry I ever saw, and I have been through the United States and Canada. I thought eggs could not be produced at a profit when the producer must buy all the feed. Here I learn that all the feed is purchased. Poultry and eggs are taking the place of meat when it is shown that in the United States the large beef, swine and sheep ranches are being cut up and made into smaller tracts, where poultry commands wider attention. Petaluma is justly entitled to the claim of being the greatest poultry producing section on the American continent."

A press dispatch from Kansas City says: "The department of health recently held up 1158 cans of eggs (which were broken) in the produce house of Henry Sloan, who was taken to Buffalo, N. Y., to be tried on the charge of shipping impure eggs in interstate traffic. These canned eggs, according to an analysis by the department, contain an excessive amount of the germ bacilli."

The Aylesbury duck derives its name from the Vale of Aylesbury. It is a favorite in the English market. It is long in body, deep in keel, and the legs are placed a little behind the center of the body.

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France Turning to Us for Trade and Friendship.

Interview by Edward Marshall.

WHAT DAMOUR SAYS.

FRANCE and the United States after the war, will their friendship and commercial relationships be stronger than ever? Here is a very eminent Frenchman who says they will. Are the reports true that a spirit of antagonism has sprung up against us in France based on the alleged fact that the suffering of the warring nations has made us prosperous? He says nothing of the kind has happened.

But new relationships, commercial and financial, are sure to come, and he says they will redound to the benefit of this country if our nation keeps its head.

His statements are of very great importance, for he is Maurice Damour, chairman of the Finance Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, and twice selected by his government from all the commercial and financial experts of France to come to the United States with a view to laying the foundations of newly cordial and efficient trade relationships.

M. Damour is very hopeful of a vastly stimulated commerce between the nations, which will be immensely profitable to both, but which, he cheerfully admits, is likely to be more financially profitable to the United States than to France.

In our extended conversations he pointed out those various aspects of the situation, knowledge of which he thought might be of the greatest service to the American business man desiring to export goods to France, and, in general, very thoroughly covered the subject of the creation of a hitherto unprecedentedly vital trade friendship between the countries.

"I am very well acquainted with the United States," said M. Damour, "and with my acquaintance, my liking for your nation and your citizens has grown. I served in 1907 as Consul for my country in New Orleans. In March and July of this year I lectured in this country, going west from coast to coast. I returned eastward through Canada.

Our Sister Republic Grateful to Us.

"I learned at once that France has the sympathy of the United States in general, and I can assure you and your countrymen that your sister republic across the seas is well aware of this and is grateful for it.

"You have given us, among all other of the war's sufferers, immense assistance, and your services will never be forgotten.

The American women in the hospitals which, through your generosity, have been established in France, as, also through your generosity, similar hospitals have been established in England, Belgium and beyond the lines of combat in the territory of our enemies, have won the admiration of the world.

"I am sure that none of the beneficiaries of their ministrations, none of those whose suffering has been eased by the supplies of all kinds which have been sent from your America in such quantities, ever will forget the earnest kindness of your great nation's heart.

"The American Hospital in Paris is one of the finest in all France. John Wanamaker's generosity never will be forgotten. The infinite services which have been rendered by men like Whitney Warren and by Miss Sloane and other women of America have been recorded in ineffaceable impressions upon the heart of France.

"The financial help which has been extended to our suffering of course has been gratefully received, but I can assure you that we offer thanks as earnest for those sentiments of sympathy and affection which it is plain have constantly been sent across the sea from your great republic to our own.

"If it never before was clear to France that America does not forget the old days when it was the pleasure and good fortune of my countryman, Lafayette, to help you in your struggles, you now have proved your gratitude in a way which must remain forever evidence of the permanence and vital value of a nation's sentiment of thanks.

Gratitude in Economic Friendship.

"Did we not feel certain that we shall be able to return the wonderful humanitarian services which you have rendered, at least in some slight measure, we should be sad indeed; but we are sure in the years which



MAURICE DAMOUR.

will succeed this war there will exist between the nations an economic friendship which will result in a wonderful exchange of commerce mutually beneficial, and, at first, enormously profitable in money to your country. Sentimentally I hope your gains will not be slighter.

The advantages which France will reap from this new commerce will be as notable as those which you, yourself, will gain, for you alone of all the sources in the world will be able competently to supply her with many of the necessities which she will require.

"Here, for one example, she will find machinery for that re-equipment which will be so necessary in those sections of her territory which unhappily have been swept by the horrors and destructions of combat.

"In exchange for this machinery and other commodities which you will be able to supply us with and which we shall be glad to get from you, we shall be pleased and profited by furnishing you with those lighter and more delicate commodities in which we specialize.

"That there is so great a difference in the goods produced by the two nations is a matter of great good fortune for us both, because it makes it clear at once that between us never can exist unpleasant competition, but always will exist a profitable and friendly exchange.

"In this lies a cheerful prophecy of future friendship, growing stronger with the lapse of time. For all men know that tonic to be found in the bales and boxes, bottles and crates of commerce is the most effective one for strengthening national friendships.

Future Competition That of Friendship.

"It has not been without the thought of this that my government has worked so earnestly and, I hope, with some intelligence since the war began in making many efforts to strengthen and perfect trade relationships between our nations.

"I have said that no competition between France and the United States is possible and that I have meant that it is not reasonable to conceive of any future competition between them. — enough to act other than as stimulating upon our international friendship.

"It was for the purpose of enhancing that stimulation, already begun by the inexorable law of supply and demand, modified as it has been by our necessities growing out of the great conflict, that the French Trade Commission originally came to this country for the purpose of learning how best to buy here, after the war, an infinitely greater proportion of certain of our supplies than in the past has been purchased in America.

"It was with the thought in mind of definitely giving to the United States that trade, amounting to many millions annually, which hitherto has been given to Germany, that the commission was in the first place appointed.

"To the United States, for example, France in future will look for all that heavy machinery which she must employ in the metallurgical trades, especially in her iron centers.

"And it may be well for me to state at this point that our experts have been very much delighted by the discovery of the real superiority of American devices and construction.

"The same may be said of those experts who came seeking to find here machinery adapted to the uses of our textile mills, which, tragically, were principally located in that portion of our nation which has been devastated by the war and which, almost without exception, have been destroyed.

American Machinery Best.

"Formerly this machinery came to us from England, but it is apparent that after the war England, like France, for a long time will be busily occupied with her own affairs, and, besides, investigation shows that American textile machinery is equal in quality to that of the English machine makers while, at the same time, it is lower in price. There will be a French demand for great quantities of such machinery, and I hope that nearly all of it will be found in the United States.

"Not only will France find it necessary to turn to your country for articles of the classes which I have mentioned, but she also will need from you large quantities of agricultural imports.

"For years she has found many agricultural supplies in your markets and, indeed, has been one of your most extensive customers. Now her needs which you will be asked to supply will be greater than ever they were before, for our own agriculture has been thoroughly disorganized, not only by the occupation of some of our fields by hostile armies and our own fighting forces, but by the absence from the greater portion of our territory, in which no battles have been fought, of the men who usually accomplish our agricultural labor.

"The demand for American agricultural products is growing very rapidly, and is now and for a long time will continue to be, the greatest of all our demands upon you.

"This leads us directly back to another phase of the topic of machinery. Before the war began all our French experts had become much interested in your extremely clever and well-built agricultural appliances and had begun to urge the use in France of your various motor implements.

The "Rush to the Cities" Problem.

"In France, as in the United States, many people had been migrating from the agricultural districts to the towns, and that military system which we found it necessary to keep up and which, in the unhappy circumstances which surrounded us, proved to be our salvation, was another handicap upon our agriculture, because it took men away from it for military service.

"This military service of the young man from the farms undoubtedly had something to do with the general tendency toward removals from the rural to the urban districts.

"Young Frenchmen went to town and there learned for the first time what comforts are possible to human life and what pleasures are available in large towns. The French farmstead is usually equipped with far fewer conveniences than are to be found in the modern American up-to-date farm and town life proved to be a revelation of delight to the young French soldier from the country.

"Returning from the town after the period of his military service ended, to the rural district in which, had he never joined the army, he might have been content to spend the balance of his days, he was confronted therewith by a home devoid of the comforts to which he had become accustomed, nor did he find in the neighborhood of his own home the girl whom he desired to make his wife, for it has undeniably been true of late years that the best of the French country girls also have felt the urge toward city life.

More for Girls as Well as Boys.

"A clever girl receives in Paris thirty francs for work which, in the country, would yield her a wage of not more than ten and probably as little as five francs per week. Also in Paris she finds many comforts unknown to her previous rural existence and the presence there of new pleasures emphasizes her liking for the city.

"So, even before the war, we had been con-

fronted by a very puzzling problem of devising means for keeping young men on the farms, or for substituting machine work for their labor there.

"Now the question has become still more difficult, and after the war is over it will be a problem of the first importance to the welfare of the nation.

"Losing men as we have lost them in combat, losing draft animals as we have lost them, by tens of thousands, we shall find ourselves perplexed. It may be that the only solution of our difficulty will be the adoption on our farms of your cheap and effective American tractors.

"We are confronted also by an economic necessity which possibly may interest you. It existed before the war and like other problems will be emphasized after the war has come to a close.

"This is the necessity which we vividly realize of organizing our individual farmers into groups or syndicates for the purchase of the more expensive pieces of agricultural machinery. Already, I believe, plans of this sort have been perfected and even now are being put into operation.

"The machinery problem, on the French farm, is very much more puzzling than it is on the American farm; for the average French farm is much smaller than the average American farm, which makes it unlikely that the individual French farmer will be able to provide himself with an equipment of machinery as elaborate as that found upon most progressive American farms.

French Farmers May Learn from Us.

"There is much that the French farmer may learn from the American agriculturist. The sons of French farmers usually do not rebuild the establishments constructed by their forefathers, but add to them, bit by bit, producing in the end singular inefficiencies.

"This is as true in manufacturing industry as it is upon the farms. Take, for example, our great potteries. One or two of those at Limoges, like Haviland's, are efficient and modern, but it must be remembered that Haviland is an American. In another, which I will not mention, the son succeeded to the business and made many improvements but did not rebuild.

"In his establishment you will find the workman continually losing time in a manner which would be inconceivable in an American establishment, like, for example, that of the efficient Henry Ford of Detroit. You will find him walking four or five yards with each plate, from his machine to the table on which he is to deposit it, then walking again to return to his machine and, later, still again traversing considerable distances upon his feet to carry his plates one by one to the dryrooms and other departments. In an American factory of this kind much of this work would be done by endless belts.

"Many of us are vividly hoping that after the war will come a general French industrial reorganization along efficiency lines, not only in equipment but in methods.

"We have in France fine workmen, but we do not possess those skilled engineers who, over here, devise such wonderful appliances for the promotion of industry. We lack not only efficiency engineers, but technicians.

Industrial Architecture Best Here.

"Consider steel construction, for example. We have no institution teaching it nor have we any contractors who habitually practice those methods which are so effective here.

"Our wonderful school in Paris, the Beaux Arts, teaches architecture but it does not include in the architecture which it teaches the secrets of factory construction.

"And it is as necessary that we should learn from you many selling methods, that we should study the secrets of your advertising processes, that we should learn from you the mysteries of follow-up systems. In France a few firms have introduced such methods into their businesses but they have been only the very largest. In small affairs an important development of the mail order system is unknown in France.

"These are among the things which we are studying at present.

"France is a wonderful country, beautiful and in every way agreeable to live in, and

[Saturday, December 11, 1915.]

AN ANSWER TO PRACYC.

THE MISSES MAY VISIT THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY JANE STRICK.

1915.

THE MISSES MAY VISIT THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Pretty Promoter. By Harold H. Scott.

Two other documents identical with the one on the floor. The three bore these words: "Fifty thousand shares of the preferred stock of the Mercedes Aviation and Construction Company at par value of \$1." and so forth.

For a moment the three men stared at each other in speechless amazement. Then said Channing, optimistically:

"Well, anyway, boys, we can consider the stock the wisest investment we ever made. Miss Roberts is certainly a clever promoter. But I'd like to know who this God-dard person is," he added, thoughtfully.

Neither of the two could enlighten him. Wheeler suggested that they look for an account of the approaching wedding in the evening paper which might throw some light on the identity of James D. Goddard. They did, and towards the end of a column they found this:

"Mr. Goddard, it has just been learned, is the talented young inventor of the Mercedes biplane which has just been declared by aviators to be the final achievement in aeronautics."

They were beyond ejaculatory demonstrations; they could only grim at each other sheepishly.

"Perhaps it is just as well that Mr. Goddard won," said Channing, resignedly. "There would have been two broken hearts, anyway, and it would have grieved me to see you boys suffer through an act of mine."

"By the way, do either of you know anyone who wants to buy a solitaire?" he asked as he reflectively fingered the plush-covered box in his pocket.

"No. Do you?" chorused Wheeler and Foster, hopefully.

A Quinine Legacy. (New York Daily.) Just before he died, in 1906, Dr. Cyrus T. Kimmel, veteran surgeon of the Civil War, and pioneer physician in Kansas City, called his son Clarence to his bedside and gave him instructions for the disposal of the contents of a white pine box that had lain in the attic many years.

"Son," he said, "don't sell until it gets back to \$2.50 again. It will be scarce and in demand again some day. Wait till then."

Wholesale drug markets have quoted quinine at \$2.75 an ounce, and the demand exceeded the supply. The white pine box in the attic of the Kimmel home contained nearly 100 ounces of the precious white flakes.

The story of the white pine box begins in the closing days of the Civil War. Dr. Kimmel, who had been the village physician at Brunswick, Mo., before the war, had served four years as an assistant surgeon of the Second Missouri Volunteers. He knew malaria was sweeping over the war-torn South, and that sulphate of quinine, the most effective cure for malarial chills and fever, was becoming scarce.

Released from service, he hurried to Philadelphia, and with all his savings purchased 1000 ounces of quinine from manufacturing chemists at 50 cents an ounce, paying an additional \$2 an ounce to the government as a war tax.

The price of quinine rose from 50 cents an ounce to \$1.50, then to \$3 and \$5 in swift leaps. Within two years Dr. Kimmel sold 850 ounces for \$6 to \$10 an ounce, clearing nearly \$5000. When he moved to Kansas City thirty-one years ago the white pine box still contained more than 100 bottles.

Two years ago, before there was any prospect of a war in Europe, quinine was quoted in 1000-ounce lots at 13 and 14 cents an ounce, and the supply was more than adequate. Then the war came, cutting off the chief source of manufacture and increasing the demand.

American Efficiency.

[New Orleans Times-Picayune:] A leading English newspaper, the Manchester Guardian, devotes a column of editorial space to praise of American efficiency, as demonstrated in the relief of Belgium. That relief work, which the Guardian describes as "among the entirely good and noble things which this war has brought about," is destined, it thinks, to provide "one of the most inspiring pages of American history." Swiftly reviewing the terrible straits to which the Belgian people were reduced in September last, the Guardian declares that Belgium's need was "desperate, immediate, and apparently impossible to meet. America worked a miracle by creating in a week or two, from nothing, one of the biggest and most amazing efficient business concerns the world has ever seen and applying it to charity. . . . The slower moving people will not in future forget that the spirit they call American saved Belgium from starvation, that America 'made good' where an ounce less of well directed hustle might have cost a thousand lives."

The Married Life of Helen and Warren. By Mabel Herbert Urner.

GOADED TO STOICISM.

THE ROOM was dark with the early dusk of the shortening days. Helen sprang up, switched on the light and stared dizzily at the clock. It was twenty minutes after 5.

She had slept since 3! She put her hand to her throat. It was worse—it hurt to swallow. Her head was hot and throbbing.

The thought of the Creightons' dinner rose appallingly before her. Was she too ill to go?

Fighting back the nausea, she turned on her bath. A plunge in the relaxing warm water only added to her weakness.

With grim fortitude she began to dress. After what Warren had said that morning, she was fiercely determined not to admit she was ill.

It had been only a casual caustic comment, but to Helen, who had got up with a blinding headache, his impertinent, "Oh, you're always sick—you're forever complaining," rankled deeply.

She knew too, that he particularly wanted to go to this dinner. It was the second time the Creightons had asked them. The first invitation, because of a previous engagement, they had been forced to refuse.

A wave of nausea claimed her as she stooped over to fasten the straps of her satin slippers. She dropped back on the couch. If only she could stay there! She was too ill—she could not go.

But the next moment she was up again trying to clasp her corset with fingers tremulously weak. Throwing a negligee over her bare shoulders, she dragged a chair before the dresser and took down her hair. In spite of her hot head, her face was pallidly white.

Rouge was something Helen never used, but now she rummaged in the top drawer for a box Laura had left there. She could not go to a dinner party looking like a ghost.

She was still struggling with her hair when Warren came in.

"What the deuce?" he had stumbled over a chair in the dark hall. "Can't you even turn on the lights?"

"Oh, just a moment, dear! I forgot them."

Darting out she switched on the lights in the hall and his room, and with nervous haste laid out his dinner clothes.

"Dear, it's so damp and cold, and my throat's a little sore, do you think I'd bet-

ter wear a low-necked gown?"

"Bundle up, can't you? You're always wanting to dress when there's no need of it. Now this dinner's the real thing—wear your best rags."

In her own room Helen finished her hair and slipped into the gray-blue tulle gown, low-necked and sleeveless.

Hot and cold flashes were now surging through her. Every few moments she had to stop and fight back a blinding dizziness. She would be all right when she got into the cab, she tried to reassure herself. It was only this stirring about that made her so sick.

"It's quarter after," called Warren. "I'm going to order the taxi."

"I'll be ready! Dear, will you hook me up? Anna's off."

Warren phoned for the cab, then strode into Helen's room, backed her up to the light, scowling concentrated on the illusive hooks.

His knuckles felt cold against her hot flesh. She was conscious of a momentary longing that he would notice her feverish warmth, that he would see that she was ill, but he was absorbed in a task that he abominated.

"Why the Sam Hill don't they put these cussed things where you can see 'em?" he grumbled.

How strong and vigorous he looked! With an envious throb she watched him in the glass. The very lines of his black dinner-coated shoulders suggested virility. Was it this swaggering health that made him so intolerant of her weakness? He had said she was always complaining. She knew that men grew tired of sickly wives.

"There you are!" He snapped the last packet fastener and pushed her away.

Alone she dropped into a chair. Just the strain of standing had left her faint. He had ordered the cab for 6:30—there were still ten minutes. Regardless of crushing her gown, she yielded to her overpowering weakness and threw herself on the couch.

Whom would she sit by at the dinner? Would she be able to talk? She was depending upon the excitement and the very need of strength to stimulate her.

The phone announced the taxi. She struggled to her feet.

Even with the high fur collar of her evening coat and her drooping head scarf shading her face she looked ill. She rubbed her cheeks to give them color; she was afraid to use more rouge.

Warren was waiting in the hall, impatiently tapping his cane—the way he always hurried her.

The motion of the elevator rolled through her sickeningly. She averted her face from the glaring light. Grateful for the dark seclusion of the cab, she sank back, palpitatingly weak.

What if she broke down at the dinner? If she should be too sick to carry it through herself?

To goad on her courage, she thought of all the sufferings of the war, of what people could endure—of the wounded, fever-weakened soldiers who marched for days without food. Surely she, with only a feverish sore throat, could get through this one evening, which required no greater exertion than to sit at a dinner table and murmur inane small talk.

The car sped on. Every jolt brought its lurch of sickness.

"What's the matter—gone to sleep?" demanded Warren, brusquely.

"Oh, no, I just feel a little—tired."

Here the cab swept the corner with swirling speed. Helen's head fell back. She was deathly sick.

At that moment they passed under a glaring arc light that shone into the cab, lighting up her white face and closed eyes.

"See here, what's the matter with you?"

Warren's heavy hand was on her arm. Now he was feeling her forehead, and her hands that burned through her gloves.

Helen did not look up. She had given way, but just then she was too sick to care. Warren's cane rapped loudly on the cab window.

"Turn 'round! Drive us back home! Make as good time as you can."

The cab stopped. A shifting of brakes, a grating jar, a grinding against the curb—and they were whirling back.

"Now, what in blazes does this mean?" exploded Warren. "What new melodramatics are you up to—starting out to dinner with that temperature? Why didn't you tell me you were sick?"

"You say I'm always sick," brokenly, "always complaining."

"So you thought you'd get back at me this way, eh? Playing the martyr—that it?"

She was leaning away from him, her scarf now concealing her face.

"Well, stunts like this don't get any sympathy from me. Some of your center-stage heroics, eh? If you're sick—say so. It's this eternal whining around when nothing's

the matter—that's what makes me sore. Now you've got things in a fine mess, haven't you? This settles us with the Creightons."

Only a slight shudder came from Helen's huddled form. If it was a sob, it was a stifled one.

After that there were only the sounds of the street. When the cab drew up Warren almost lifted her out, hurried her up the steps, into the elevator and up to her room.

"Now you shed those frills and get to bed! I'll phone Mrs. Creighton."

With dumb wretchedness she let her clothes drop from her. Even her tulle gown lay unnoticed where it fell. To get into bed—her mind held no other thought.

With a delicious relaxing of her aching, nerve-tense body, she crept in between the cool, fresh sheets. She could hear Warren at the phone. Vaguely she wondered what he was saying. How was he explaining it to Mrs. Creighton? Somehow she did not care.

The fever's heavy drowsiness was claiming her. Nothing seemed to matter—if only she could lie there—and rest.

"Drink this!"

Warren, in his pajamas, was standing by the bed. Slipping his arm under the pillow, he raised her head to the glass of hot milk.

Only half awake, she drank it, looking up at him in dazed bewilderment.

"Your skin feels better—not so hot. If you're not all right in the morning we'll have Dr. Kelly."

"But, dear," hazily, "you're not coming to bed so early?"

"Early? It's after 11. You've slept four hours."

Helen stared, her thoughts confused.

"But your dinner?" as the room flashed black and he got in beside her. "Anna wasn't here—what did you—"

"Oh, I found enough in the ice box. Now don't you worry about me. You sleep off the rest of that fever."

Still in the languor of the drowsy stupor, the old emotional demand came instinctively, irrelevantly, and as she nestled against him she murmured dreamily:

"Oh, dear, you do—"

"Of course I do! Now you take better care of yourself. When you're really sick—say so! Don't try any more endurance stunts—and ball things up like you did tonight."

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There being no reason to suspect this machine, Bo."

"That this presentation be known as Amalgamated Love," said Warren as

"ever shortly the same by saying 'We'."

These words rose simultaneously in the

airwaves.

you saw this machine."

"But it is being done," she declared. "You

would be doing it yourself if you

had

the art of

the

...and it may be well for me to state in this point that our experts have been very much delighted by a very puzzling problem of their labor there. The reason for the subsidence machine work for the men to do is that the majority of American devices and contrivances have been very much improved by the discovery of the real cause.

France Turning to Us for Trade and Friendship.

Interview by Edward Marshall.

WHAT DAJOUR SAYS.

Saturday, December 11, 1912.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

It may be that the life of the average worker is more agreeable there than is the life of the average worker here.

"We find in our industries few really great fortunes. A man in France who has in bank or invested in his business 200,000 francs is happy, and does not feel ambitious for much more, yet 200,000 francs translated into American money amounts to only \$40,000.

"Forty thousand dollars would scarcely be considered in this country a fortune upon which a man might pleasantly and safely retire from active business life. At 50, men in France like to retire if possible. Here it seems that you never are willing to retire, but are anxious to work with fierce intensity until the day before your funerals. Must Learn to Sell Goods.

"It is to be hoped that the war will be followed by a stimulated curiosity among young Frenchmen to see more than they have in the past of their own and other countries. The new French generation has been traveling some but not enough.

"Another need for France in regard to which we may take a leaf from unfortunate Germany's book, as you yourselves have done, is the necessity for organizing and teaching the art of selling goods. At present we have not a competent body of commercial traveling salesmen. Our professional men know far more of languages than yours do, but we sadly need to train our travelers in such knowledge.

"When we have accomplished this I think that as a nation we shall have a selling body superior to that of Germany, for our men are better mannered, very much more polite, and infinitely more tactful than the foreign representatives of German trade. A French traveling man almost always is a good companion, a German traveler rarely is."

"Upon what conditions do you think that France would be willing to bring the great war to an end?" I asked.

Will End War with Victory Only.

"Upon no conditions," replied Monsieur Damour, "save a conclusive victory.

"You must remember that too many of our dear ones have been killed to make us feel inclined toward anything except a peace which will be permanent.

"We are sending now our fourth sons to the front, already having sent our first and second and third. It is hard to talk peace to a mother who has seen four sons march away and none come back whole.

"To my certain knowledge a similar sentiment is prevalent in England. I, myself, think the time for peace and talk of peace is not quite yet at hand. France does not like the war and did not seek it, but she was compelled to its acceptance at a time when she was unprepared for it. She now is unprepared for peace, although, of course, she longs for it.

"We want no peace that will mean but truce before another war.

"We have had enough of war horrors. We want a peaceful Europe—a Europe which shall stay at peace, not for four years or five, but for a century.

"We feel that that cannot be compassed until militarism has been crushed. God only knows how long a time will pass ere that can be accomplished."

[Copyright, 1912, by Edward Marshall.]

Japan's Marriage Law.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Miss Mary Eastlake, daughter of the late Dr. Eastlake, a famous linguist, was married last year to Saito Torao, a Japanese graduate of the Tokio Higher Commercial School, and has now legally become a Japanese subject under the certification of the Minister of Justice. Until recently the couple have been living in Osaka, where the husband was employed in a branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank. The name of the bride was to have been entered in the bridegroom's family register, but the plan was not carried out and the bridegroom became the adopted husband of the linguist's daughter. This is prohibited by American law, however, and the naturalization of the bride was necessary. In Japan the adoption of a husband is legally allowed. A baby girl was recently born to the couple.

Apt to be Costly.

[Boston Transcript:] Wife: Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile.

Hub: Good heavens! You'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.

An Answer to Prayer. THE MISSES MAY VISIT THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

By Jane Stuart.

"The Misses May's carriage is coming, called Margaret Nichols to her sister Charlotte.

"Huh!" answered Charlotte derisively, "it's always coming but it never gets here."

"Well," scornfully, "it'll stop this time, I bet. I guess I can see better than you. You're such a fraid-cat, you're afraid to climb a tree. I'm up so high I can touch the sky and see over the whole wide world."

Margaret kept her eye on the approaching carriage while delivering this crushing taunt to the skeptic seated comfortably on the green grass below the big tree.

"It's slowing up now, but what's the use of telling Charlotte," grumbled Margaret to herself. Then, wonder of wonders, the carriage actually turned in at the Rev. Gordon S. Nichols's driveway.

There was a scramble in the tree, a long branch bent with the weight of a slender form, and Margaret stood in triumph at her doubting sister's side.

"What did I tell you?" she announced calmly, pointing a steady finger at the carriage.

"Why, why," gasped Charlotte, turning in the direction the finger pointed, "they're here. They've come."

"Yes," mimicked Margaret, "they're here, they've come."

There was a pause in the exchange of sisterly civilities while both children watched the carriage draw up at the foot of the steps and stop. The footman sprang down and opened the carriage door. Would he only carry in the cards of the Misses May, or would those ladies themselves descend and enter their minister's house? And if they did go in, would they have their work-bags with them?

It was a breathless moment.

Tradition stated that these two grand ladies had been the social arbitresses of aristocratic Plainfield for over forty years. They settled a new minister's status by a method simple and direct as became gentlewomen. At the end of his first month in Plainfield, the May carriage stopped at the minister's door. If the ladies were not pleased with the minister, they only left their cards. But if they were pleased, the Misses May called in person, remaining precisely ten minutes. And when, as occasionally happened, they were very much pleased indeed, and also approved of the minister's wife, they brought their embroidery with them and spent the afternoon.

Therefore, as has been said, it was a breathless moment for the children of the Rev. Gordon S. Nichols, who had been in Plainfield precisely four Sundays.

"If they don't get out, I could skin 'em alive," hissed Margaret, fiercely loyal to her father.

The Misses May saved their precious skins by getting out—by getting out with their work-bags in their hands.

The sight of the work-bags appeased Margaret's wrath, propitiated her ferocity and put her into an amiable humor with Plainfield and all that dwelt therein.

"Get up, you little ninnies, and see their clothes," she murmured to Charlotte, who had sunk to the ground quite overcome by the blessed meaning of the work-bags. "Miss Sophronia's got on lavender trimmed with white and Miss Lucretia white trimmed with lavender."

At this bald description of what must surely be glorious apparel, Charlotte struggled to her feet. The big doors were just swinging to behind the Misses May.

"I saw their tails, anyway," declared she stolidly, "one was white and the other lavender. What color were their bags?"

Margaret cast a swift glance over the storehouse of her mind. She really could not tell, but little sister must not know. "I guess likely," she responded glibly, "they ought to be made of cloth-of-gold. Let's go in now and look at their hats and wraps."

Margaret took Charlotte by the hand in the protecting sort of way she always used when she was going to lead little sister into mischief. In peace and harmony the two entered the house by way of the rear entrance, and stole cautiously toward the tiny cloakroom. Having arrived undetected, Margaret boldly opened the door, dragged little sister within the room, then closed the door silently behind her.

It was to the little girls as if they had entered the promised land. For weeks the Plainfield children had poured into their eager ears tales of the splendor and magnificence amid which the Misses May lived and moved and had their being. Now, now, they could test the truth of these tales with their own eyes.

For a brief time the sisters stood gazing rapturously at the billowy masses of lavender and white and white and lavender. Then came an irresistible longing to touch and stroke the rich fabrics, and last, the laying aside of the small whip. It was as she had thought, for mother had taught her children that the Lord not only hears but answers prayers. Nevertheless, Margaret redoubled her zeal and prayed more loudly, more fervently than before, "O Lord, please don't let mother whip us."

"Girls, dear little girls," said mother gently.

The dear little girls sprang to their feet.

"We're ready, mother," choked Margaret bravely.

"I want to talk to my little girls," went on mother, passing an arm around each of them and drawing them to her side.

They listened seriously, weeping, while mother pointed out the error of their ways and admonished them in regard to their future conduct. Then mother bathed the little red faces, smoothed the to-led heads, and led the penitents down to dinner.

Mother always put her children to bed herself, hearing their evening prayers and tucking them in lovingly. Charlotte fell asleep at once. She was such a tiny sinner. But Margaret lay awake staring into the darkness. She counted a thousand aleep jumping over a fence—counted ineffectually, for conscience could not be stilled by any such mathematical process. Next she repeated all the psalms, golden texts and "pieces" she had ever learned, yet the sinner still delayed his coming.

Naughty, naughty Margaret. Mother's sweet face, mother's trusting eyes, mother's tender touch, mother's love, filled the darkness and could not be put away. Suddenly the little girl sat up in bed in horror. What was it the Bible said about "Whosoever maketh a lie?" And she had lied to mother, darling mother. She had lied to God himself. For had she not tried to deceive both the earthly mother and the heavenly father? She was a liar, a terrible liar. Could mother ever forgive? Could God, would God ever forgive her?

She bounded out of bed and ran swiftly to mother's room. "Mother, mother, mother," she cried wildly. "Oh, mother! I'm a wicked girl. I lied to you, mother. I blasphemed against God. I said 'Don't let mother whip us,' and I wasn't praying at all. I just said that for you to hear so you wouldn't, and I was peeking through my fingers at you all the time. And you didn't know, but God knew. And I made Charlotte lie, too. She always does whatever I do. Oh, mother, whip me now, whip me twice."

Mother soothed the "terrible liar," holding the clinging form closely, as mothers do crooning softly, sweetly, until the long sobs were quieted and the small figure relaxed. Such a beautiful, beautiful talk mother gave her little daughter. At last she said, "No, dear, mother will not whip you, but tomorrow you will go to the Misses May and tell them how you took their pretty clothes and how you deceived mother."

"No, no, mother," shrieked Margaret. "Not that, they would never come here again and father couldn't stay in Plainfield any more." Then when she looked at mother's face, she drew in her breath sharply: "All right, I'll go, if it kills me."

It was a pale and chastened Margaret who called upon the Misses May next day. No one ever knew what took place in that interview, but all Plainfield, including Ruth Erskine, knew that the minister's elder daughter was actually sent home in the May carriage. All Plainfield knew, too, that the Misses May called twice that month on the wife of the Rev. Gordon S. Nichols.

Substitute for Glass.

[Indianapolis News:] As a substitute for glass in the equipment of automobiles and many other similar uses, a product has been brought out recently in Germany and is now being subjected to rigid tests in various shapes at the scene of war. It is known as "Cellon," and has many remarkable qualities. It is also unbreakable by ordinary handling. Sheets of this material can be bent backward and forward many times without breaking; blocks of this transparent product can be subjected to blows without showing fractures; it can be produced in any desired thickness. Clear and completely transparent, light or dark colored, mottled or even black, it can be used for the manufacture of all subjects now made of celluloid. Its chief advantage over celluloid is its safety against fire.

The Pretty Promoter. By Harold H. Scott.

HEARTS AND 'PLANES.'

"IT HAS been duly moved and seconded that this organization be known as Amalgamated Love, Ltd. Those in favor signify the same by saying aye."

Three voices rose simultaneously in the affirmative.

"Contrary, no."

There being no response to this the chairman announced, "The ayes have it."

"But how can we keep it 'limited'?" demanded Ross Channing. "Surely we cannot presume to dictate her list of acquaintances."

"No, of course not, but it remains for us to keep her so busy with engagements that no fourth party will have an opportunity to become a dangerous contender," stated Bob Wheeler, the chairman.

"That's right," agreed Owen Foster, the third member of Amalgamated Love, Ltd.

Channing nodded his approval. "But who is to be the first man on the calendar?"

They decided to match for the coveted position and Channing won. Other matters of more or less importance having been disposed of the first meeting of Amalgamated Love was brought to a close.

By all the laws of love and war such a condition of affairs as confronted these three would mean the severing of all bonds of friendship, would even signal open and hostile warfare. They were all deeply, gladly, hopelessly in love with the same girl—a very charming and altogether desirable young lady whom they had met but a short time before and who was entirely unaware of the tumult her advent into their hitherto well-ordered and tranquil lives had occasioned. It would seem utterly beyond reason for them to remain the fast friends they had always been in view of this. But it was not, for that was just what they intended doing. Our friendship, they said, is too sacred to allow even so momentous an event as this to come between us. So they planned to besiege the lady, each on his own responsibility and in his own interests, until she capitulated to the superior charms and accomplishments of one of the trio. That there might be no unjust discrimination a schedule was arranged which allowed each man to devote every third evening to her society. This systematic regulation and division of time, while giving each an equal advantage, would also render practically impossible the advent of a fourth party into the game, thus establishing a sort of combine in restraint of love. Such a siege, they held, could not fail to eventually accomplish the desired end. And, in all good spirit, may the best man win, said they.

And the girl? Think of the fairest masterpiece ever created by the greatest artist, endow it with the grace of a nymph, the laughter of clear waters in a woodland, strike into it, with the magic wand of imagination, life—the life of youth and happiness of the most wonderful age; clothe it in the chic mode of today (for the works of the masters must necessarily be attired in a degree for presentation in polite society) and you will have a fair conception of Naomi Roberts.

This was the girl that Ross Channing escorted to Mrs. Van de Water's ball, because his coin had come up "heads," thereby gaining him the privilege of inaugurating the combine's schedule. This was an invaluable point to gain, Channing considered. To be the first man on the ground gave him an advantage over the others. They were sitting in a quiet corner watching the dancers and exchanging bits of near gossip concerning mutual friends.

"I wonder," Naomi remarked, apropos of nothing in particular, "if Ned Wilderly is here this evening. Have you noticed him?"

"Why, Ned had a bad smash-up in his plane yesterday. Didn't you hear about it?"

The girl expressed surprise and regret for Wilderly's misfortune. "Was he badly injured?"

"Broke a couple of ribs and smashed his machine to splinters. Luckily he was not flying high or it would have suffered worse. But that 'plane will kill him yet. I wouldn't fly in one for a million—too risky."

"I know the ordinary machines are rather dangerous but there is a man out at Dominguez who has perfected one that is as safe

as a baby carriage. He is going to manufacture them for commercial use."

"They can't be practical," said Channing, with an air of conviction. "No flying machine is. Man can never hope to fly through the air safely. It can't be done."

"But it is being done," she declared. "You would be thoroughly convinced of that if you saw this machine."

"Have you seen it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I have ridden in it."

"You?" he exclaimed, incredulously. "When?"

"Oh, a number of times," as though it were the most ordinary, everyday occurrence. "It is the most wonderful sensation," she went on gaily, ignoring his astonishment at learning that she had so unconcernedly risked her life in a flying machine. "I was not the least bit frightened, even on my very first flight. After the machine leaves the ground one can hardly realize that it is a frail craft weighing little more than the passenger it carries. And the sensation of traveling through the air at sixty, seventy, even eighty miles an hour—no shocks, no rebound of springs, just steady, swift flight. It is the most wonderful experience one could ever have."

"But just think how little it would take to send the machine crashing to the ground. One never knows when something is going to happen, and when it does it's all over in a second. There's not a chance in the world to save oneself. There is nothing to do but drop—thousand feet, two, three, a mile, it's all the same," persisted Channing.

"That is true of most of the machines, but this particular one will not become unmanageable, even in the most uncertain air currents. This one has a new kind of stabilizer which makes it absolutely safe under all conditions." She paused a moment, then added, reflectively: "The man who invented it—I feel rather sorry for him. He has perfected the machine and demonstrated its practicability, but he has no money to put it on the market and he has been unsuccessful thus far in interesting some one who will back him."

"Who is he?" Channing was beginning to feel a little uneasy concerning this inventor who had enlisted the sympathy of the adorable Naomi.

"Why, he used to work at the mills for father," she told him. "He is a very competent machinist but about a year ago he stopped working at the mills in order to devote all his time to the perfection of his machine. He had a little money, but I suppose it is all gone by this time, and he needs more to continue his work."

"Um-m," mused Channing. "By the way, where is his shop?" he asked, as though he had just thought of something. "I would like to see this marvelous aeroplane of his." But it was the man and not the machine that interested Channing.

"It's out on the Long Beach boulevard, just this side of Dominguez. He calls it Blue Plains—the sand dunes, you know. It's an excellent place for flying. I go out there to watch the flights quite often; why not let me take you out in the car?" she suggested.

"That would be great," he exclaimed, delightedly.

So it came about that a few days later Naomi took Channing out to Dominguez. As the car sped along the smooth macadam road Channing watched the small, capable hands at the wheel and a sigh, which was not quite a contented one, escaped him. He was a bit uncertain as to where he stood.

He almost wished that Naomi would not treat him with such candid friendliness. Her attitude toward him was so naive as to be disarming. He could not bring his batteries to play upon a heart that offered not the slightest indication of anticipating cause for defense. Quite suddenly he found himself established as an old friend and his attentions accepted as portending anything but their true object. What troubled and puzzled him most was the fact that he could not decide whether her attitude was simulated or was really the manifestation of a charmingly ingenuous nature. His friendly rivals caused him some uneasiness, too. Naomi had spoken of them quite casually once or twice but they had volunteered no word as to the success of their siege. And just that morning he had sur-

prised them laying a wager on their chances for capturing the prize. Even money to win, the two of them, and not a word said of him. Evidently they did not consider him in the running. Truly, Channing had grave cause for worry.

But then it was good merely to be there, so close to her. She was equally bewitching, he thought, whether in evening gown, or in duster and gauntlets, driving her car over the road. If he pretended that the motion of the car swayed him he could lean over until his shoulder touched hers and sent a thrill through him, setting his heart pounding in time to the throb of the engine.

Presently she nodded out over the rolling sand hills to where a long barn-like structure broke the monotony of wind-blown sands. "That is the hangar," she said.

As the car drew up before the building a blue-eyed son of Erin came forward to welcome them. He was a tall, muscular fellow of about 25, and not unattractive in his way. In his merry eyes danced all the romance of the old country, and all the wit and all the joy of living and working with his brawny arms. Even before they had been introduced Channing felt singularly drawn to the genial Irishman, due in no small measure to the fact that he immediately realized the absurdity of his apprehension concerning Naomi's interest in the man.

"This is Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan," Naomi introduced him, and, "I brought Mr. Channing out to see your wonderful flying machine," she told O'Sullivan, as the two men shook hands.

"So you want to try a little flying, Mr. Channing?"

"I'm not quite sure. I must admit that I am a bit—"

"Nervous?" O'Sullivan laughed. "Oh, you'll get over that. Now, Miss Roberts here flies often, but I dare say she was a little frightened the first time she went up."

"No, I wasn't either," Naomi declared, emphatically. "Take me up now, Mr. O'Sullivan, and we will show Mr. Channing how safe and easy it is."

"Really, Miss Roberts, I don't think you ought to," Channing protested, with a lurking sense of proprietorship.

But Naomi merely laughed at his fears. The great white bird was wheeled out of the hangar and when all was ready its passengers shouted good-bye above the roar of the engine and the 'plane rose gracefully into the air. With hardly a tremor it climbed steadily into the sky, sweeping in easy curves, and even Channing's unpracticed eye noted the ease and certainty of its control. As he looked up a bit fearful and greatly excited, he found himself wishing that he, too, were up there gliding along on that wonderful magic carpet. Such is the lure of flying.

But not until they had alighted safely did Channing's heart resume its normal beating. Then, with the adventurous delight of a school boy, he demanded to be taken up. He would go up, come what might! They stayed up quite a while, a very long while, it seemed to Naomi, standing there on the ground watching them soar. Indeed, as O'Sullivan always told her, "Shure and I thought he never would want to come down. Every time I started to dip her he would say, 'Not yet! Not yet!'"

At length the plane descended, gliding in ever narrowing circles until it reached the ground almost on the very spot from which it had risen.

"That was great!" Channing exclaimed as he jumped out. "I forgot all about being nervous. Does it always fly as steadily as that? Never a quiver; no more vibration than a motor car." He turned to O'Sullivan. "Mr. O'Sullivan, if I buy that machine, how long will it take me to learn to operate it?"

"The machine is not for sale," said O'Sullivan. "It is the only one I have and I am unable at the present time to build another. However, I hope to be able to build them for the trade as soon as I can secure the necessary financial backing to organize a company. But I cannot sell the only machine I have."

"Suppose I advance you the money to build another?" Channing suggested. But the aviator politely declined to consider his

kind offer.

As Channing and his companion sped cityward a short time later he voiced his enthusiasm over the sport of flying. The novelty of his first aeroplane flight had completely swept aside his misgivings as to its safety. "Just think of the sport one could have with a machine like that," he said. "Why, the boys would go crazy over it. They'd all want one. Automobiles would be a thing of the past."

"Yes," agreed Naomi; "I would like to have a 'plane myself. I hope Mr. O'Sullivan succeeds in organizing his company, for then we all may buy one."

"I wonder how much they would sell for?" "He says he can place them on the market for \$5000—about the price of a good automobile."

"It would cost a mint to start the company," he mused.

"I suppose it would," said she, "but if enough people would go into it it would be easy to raise the money. I should think it would be a good business proposition, too; it ought to pay big dividends. Once the machine is on the market and the public is convinced of its safety they would buy the 'planes as fast as they could be manufactured."

"I wonder if—" he hesitated thoughtfully.

"Somehow she must have divined his thought, for she said:

"Why don't you talk it over with Mr. O'Sullivan? Perhaps you could subscribe for some of the stock and so start the ball rolling."

The remainder of the ride into town was given over to a very business-like discussion of the merits and demerits of such a course, and when Channing left Naomi at her door he had reached a definite conclusion concerning two things. He was going to see O'Sullivan about the aeroplane business, and he was going to see a jeweler about something else. He really had no reasonable justification for this latter conclusion, but he felt that, as matters promised to continue in their present course indefinitely, there was nothing to be gained by delaying.

It was some weeks later when he made a third trip to Dominguez. A considerable portion of his worldly goods was now invested there, but he was far from regretting his investment. Within another month the company would begin turning out machines. And, as Naomi had predicted, the indications were that the machines would be sold faster than they could be manufactured. Already a surprising amount of advance orders had been received as the result of an advertising campaign which had covered the entire country. The public had already accepted the claim of the manufacturers without question, and orders were being received every day. Even though the plant was not yet completed the Mercedes Aviation and Construction Company was a greater success than he had dared hope.

He was highly elated. And to think that he was directly responsible for it! The reflection that it was his money which had made it possible created within him a warm glow of satisfaction at his importance. Of course he had not told a soul, though at times he found it difficult to refrain from talking about the promising enterprise in which he was so vitally interested. But he kept his own counsel, for they had decided, Miss Roberts and Mr. O'Sullivan and he, that it would be best to say nothing about their interest in it until after the plant was in operation.

After seeing O'Sullivan—Mr. O'Sullivan, superintendent of construction—about some minor details and congratulating him on the progress of the work, Channing returned to the city. Everything was going forward in a highly satisfactory manner. He was even computing the total of his first dividend from the company. And, best of all, there was in his pocket a small, plush-covered box which he had decided would not be there very many hours later. It was his schedule night and he felt that the time was opportune to play his trump and take the Queen.

At his office in town he found the two-thirds majority of Amalgamated Love, Ltd.,

annert Bordell, walked down the street bare very much like a real dog, and I was really worried. "Where does your friend Dandy live?" he asked. "No place, I guess," I said. "No place, I guess," he said. "This is rather a load of brother fell on him, but I was in shock. The scene was a street, deserted and in utter prostration, that drop, as I happened to be passing and your bill cost this week interpreted me."

The Great Bordell Discovers Genius. By Oscar Leutis.

[Saturday, December 11, 1916.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Recent Cartoons.

CARTOONIST REYNOLDS PICTURES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF SOME ASPECTS OF THE NEWS.

OUR BIGGEST AND BEST CROP.



Portland Oregonian



DesMoines Register and Leader.



Cleveland Plain Dealer



New York Work



Muhib Ul Islam (the Kaiser) opens the vessel.



OUR BIGGEST AND BEST CROP

CHARNOVITZ REYNOLDS PICTURES HIS INTERPRETATIONS OF SOME ASPECTS OF THE NEWS

Recent Cartoons.

Wednesday, December 11, 1912.

[Saturday, December 11, 1912.]

The Great Bordell Discovers Genius.

By Oscar Lewis.

AT THE GRAND.

HOBERT BORDELL walked down the three steps to the entrance of the Grand Theater and gravely deposited a dollar at the ticket window.

"Can't accommodate you, Mister," instantly announced the gentleman in the box office, staring.

"What?" demanded the great Bordell, making a show of deep disappointment, "all sold out? Now isn't that just my luck? I suppose I should have come earlier. But say," he leaned over and lowered his fine voice confidentially, "just see if you haven't got a seat off in a corner somewhere—one that's been overlooked. Or even standing room?"

The dignitary behind the window broke into a laugh. "That ain't what's the matter, Mister," still laughing. "It's this dollar. I ain't got enough change."

Mr. Hobert Bordell was obviously relieved. Ah, then you are not sold out, after all?" he asked, eagerly.

"Nope," the other reassured him briefly. And then he leaned over and placed one eye to a hole in the red curtain that separated the box office from the main auditorium.

"No house at all this trip," he announced. "Just Bill Orr and Charley Davis, and Chubbie Rogers and his sister—she wants to be an actress. And then there's Mrs. Clancy, but we don't charge her nothing because she lets us use her cellar. And that's all—except Wallie Burr, an' we let him in free, too, 'cause his leg's cut off just above the knee."

Robert Bordell was heard to sigh, but whether it was in sympathy for Wallie Burr's amputated leg or at the meager support accorded to struggling drama, he neglected to state.

"Of course," continued his informant, "we would have lots bigger crowds if we wanted to have just vodervil like the Jacobses over on Ninth street that run the Empire. We could have a better show than them, too, because Enny's twice as good as they are. Enny can jig fine, and he can juggle three bottles and Lee Jacobs kin juggle only two. And then you had ought to hear Enny sing the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and hit his throat in the chorus to make it sound like bag pipes."

"And why?" asked Mr. Bordell, presently, "have you not deserted the field of legitimate drama for the greater remuneration of the variety house?"

"Enny likes plays best," explained the other; "and, of course, plays is better than just vodervil. But," and there the representative of the box-office sighed, "those Jacobses has pretty nearly always got a full house. And they charge 3 cents, too. Say, you haven't been at the Empire lately have you, Mister?"

"Well, no," Robert Bordell admitted, and

then hastened to add, "You see I don't generally have very much time. I really wasn't exactly thinking of coming in here today. But I happened to be passing and your bill for this week interested me."

He glanced up at the cardboard sign tacked on a pole before the door.

THIS WEAK
ENO ECKHOF
IN
SHILOK THE JU.

"It happens that I have never seen Mr. Eckhof play Shylock so I thought I would come in and witness his interpretation of the character. I was surprised that you were able to undertake so ambitious a production."

"Oh, that ain't nothing," scoffed the other. "Enny saw some big geezer down town play it, and he copied it right off. And, say, I guess Enny can change this dollar for you. Wait a minute."

But the other held up a protesting hand. "Don't disturb him," he ordered. "An artist should never be bothered with trifling box-office affairs. His art would be sure to suffer. Do I go in this way?"

And ignoring entirely the dollar on the window counter, the great Bordell drew aside the curtain and stepped inside.

No sooner had he disappeared when the window of the box-office shut with a bang and the ticket-seller, now metamorphosed into an usher, appeared to show the stranger to his seat.

"Benches are 1 cent, chairs is 2," he elucidated. "You get a chair, though," with a glance at his closed fist. "There ain't such demand for the better seats, so we've only got one chair. Mrs. Clancy's sitting on that now, but wait a minute and I'll—"

"No you won't," interjected the great Bordell. "I'll take a bench." And under the eyes of the entire audience, including those of the omnipotent Mrs. Clancy in the arm chair, he sat down upon the bench nearest the door.

The ex-ticket-agent-usher established himself alongside.

"We'll be started in just a minute now," he prophesied. "When I bang the ticket window shut, that's the sign to Enny that it's time to begin. See, there it goes now."

A hush fell over the audience, faces took on a pleasant expectant expression, and all leaned forward toward the stage. The curtain, after a few rebellious jerks, moved hesitatingly across on its wire until finally caught a foot from the wings by a ghostly arm and jerked from sight.

The stage was empty. Four footlights each a candle shielded behind a partly disjointed tomato can, cast a light that but emphasized the void. It was a street scene—especially made, it appeared (by Enny)

for the present production.

It was an elaborate affair, that drop, entirely in yellow and red. The scene was a street, deserted and in uncanny proportions, but rich in skyscrapers and street lamps, and so represented as to revolutionize the usual idea of the comparative altitudes of these two objects.

For ten seconds the stage remained deserted, the audience gazing in rapture upon the drop. Twenty seconds and their eyes traveled frequently to the wings. Twenty-five seconds and the empty stage became a mystery, the drop was forgotten, the silence became tense—the climax—then, "Ah, here he comes!"

The great Bordell leaned back. "Perfectly timed," he murmured. "An instant more—perfect."

The actor strode across the stage, the battered derby hat of his costume, many sizes too large, falling down below his ears and lending to Shylock a strangely modern note. Yet it was not this that caused the great Bordell to lean forward again. The deliberate walk, the slow motion of the head, the manner of carrying the hands; they all seemed very familiar to Robert Bordell. He drew his brows together; strange he couldn't—

Nearly across the stage walked Shylock, and then turned and took a short step forward and for an instant a fierce defiance flashed out from beneath his humility. The little byplay mannerism, it might almost be called, was over in a flash, but the great Bordell witnessed it with something like a gasp; and then to himself he smiled. There could be no doubt now whose Shylock young Enos Eckhof was copying.

The plot moved swiftly; little time was wasted in preliminaries. Antonio appeared, the loan was asked, and Shylock suddenly relaxed from his skulking reserve. In an instant he had thrown aside the hopeless air of resignation and hot revolt flamed forth.

The Great Bordell, watching from the shadowy bench in the rear, saw the flush come up on the drawn cheeks, heard the fierce defiance burn in his voice, and wondered if, after all, this fervid cry of revolt against oppression and abuse was entirely that of the Venetian Jew, if indeed it were not even more largely the revolt of Enny Eckhof, street arab.

"You call me dog, don't you? And you kick me like a hound, don't you?" he demanded, shrilly. "And then you come and expect me to give. Why should I give? Dogs ain't got nothing. How ever can you expect a cur to have three thousand ducers?"

But gradually the tumult died down, Shylock became his fawning self again and the loan was made. Robert Bordell leaned over to his companion.

"Where does your friend Enny live?" he asked. "Where can I find his parents?"

"No chanst, Mister," replied the other. "His father, a load of bricks fell on him three years ago. His mother, I don't know as he ever had any. Enny lived with his sister for a while, but she got married and moved away, so he's been sleeping here in Mrs. Clancy's cellar. He don't bother nothing because he don't come in till late and he's down town after his papers every morning at 5."

Mr. Hobert Bordell nodded, and turning his attention back to the stage, followed closely the action through its highly original twistings to the end.

As the meager audience crowded through the door, one of their number remained behind, and when Enny Eckhof appeared from behind the curtain and jumped down off the platform stage, the great Bordell stood before him.

Enny Eckhof glanced just once at the figure in front of him and stopped in his tracks.

"Allow me," said the other smiling, "to congratulate you upon the quality of your work this afternoon. It was most creditable."

But the boy made no sign that he had heard. "You," he said, in a hushed voice, "you're the one I—why you're the real Shylock!"

Robert Bordell smiled. "I have sometimes been called that," he admitted, "even by the critics."

And then, as the other did not answer, indeed seemed incapable of it, so wrapt was the reverence of his gaze, the great Bordell continued: "Your exhibition today was remarkable. I have never believed much in the theory of genius born, but you, young man, are favored with a very great gift. It would be a great shame to allow that gift to go undeveloped; even worse to have it misdirected."

He was silent for a moment and then continued. "I wonder if you would like to go to a place that I know of where they can help you to develop your gift—a place where you can study and work and some day learn to play Shylock, really play it, in a big theater with thousands of people to see each night?"

The other had been listening tensely, but now a look of incredulity swept over his face.

"You can do it," Robert Bordell assured him. "A few years in dramatic school, a few years of study, and then—but what do you say?"

Enny Eckhof brushed a hand across his eyes. "You wouldn't do it," he said very firmly, as if to convince himself.

The great Bordell reached down and gathered in the grimy fist. "Here's my hand on it," he said, quietly. "And my word, too. Shall we shake?"

Mesa Verde Ruins.

NATURALIST DESCRIBES RESULTS OF EXCAVATIONS.

[Our National Parks:] "The exploring excavations in the Mesa Verde National Park which the Department of the Interior is conducting under the direction of Dr. Jesse W. Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution are successful to a degree scarcely anticipated when the work was begun."

Thus said Enos Mills, author and naturalist, when interviewed at his home under the shadow of Long's Peak. He has recently returned from an examination of the work so far accomplished by the busy scientists.

"The new excavation," continued Mr. Mills, "is across the canyon from the famous Cliff Palace. This palace, as the remarkable prehistoric city is foolishly called, stands beneath the rim of the east side of the canyon, while the astonishing structure first unearthed stands upon the rim of the west side."

"For many years visitors to the Mesa Verde National Park have noticed a huge mound opposite the Cliff Palace with trees growing upon it. It has aroused a great deal of curiosity, and many have been the speculations concerning its meaning, especially when stones were discovered emerging from it that evidently had been cut by tools in

the hands of man. It is this mound which the Department of the Interior determined to explore and under which Dr. Fewkes has just found the most remarkable prehistoric structure north of the Aztec architecture in Mexico.

"This splendid structure is of cut and polished stone. The building has the form of a capital D. The straight elevation is 123 feet long and the curved part 245 feet. The outer walls are double, and between them are a series of narrow rooms. As the outer walls are unbroken, the entrance to this building must have been either subterranean or by the means of ladders through the top.

"Dr. Fewkes believes the ruin was an uncompleted fortress abandoned when the cliff dwellers disappeared from the Rocky Mountain region. He does not think the cliff dwellers were exterminated, however, but believes that about the time they abandoned their unfinished fortress they had become strong enough to leave their mountain refuges and mingle with the tribes of the lowlands. After that, perhaps, they became amalgamated with the various Indian races and lost their separate identity."

"At Moki Spring, a short distance from these ruins, there are a number of other tree-grown mounds very similar in appearance to the one just excavated. Here and there cut stones are exposed in these. It is pos-

sible that there is a buried city beneath these mounds. Dr. Fewkes hopes next year to find whether or not there is a buried and prehistoric city concealed beneath."

Waterfall Casts Shadow.

[Our National Parks:] "Did you ever see a waterfall cast a shadow?" asked Stephen T. Mather of the group around the club table. Mr. Mather, who is assistant to Secretary Lane, in charge of the new development work which the Department of the Interior is doing in the national parks, had just returned from a strenuous summer among the mountain tops.

"Well, Yosemite Falls cast my shadow very distinctly one night last August. I was half a mile or more away, gazing, beauty-bound, at the effect of the full moon upon these giant falls, which are, by the way, as high as sixteen Niagars piled one on top of the other."

"The moon was behind me, of course. The double falls, shining like silver, lit brilliantly by reflected light the dense shadows of the trees which hid me from the moon. Turning, I saw my shadow outlined vividly upon the grass."

Selling the King's Clothes.

[London Chronicle:] Some remarkable bargains were picked up at the sales of George IV's wardrobe, especially after the King had been gone for a year. At the great 1830 sale some articles seem to have had a relic value. For instance, the cambric and silk handkerchiefs produced a guinea each, though the pages of the back stairs, who took the profits, admitted that 7 shillings would have been a reasonable figure. But in June, 1831, the King's sumptuous crimson velvet coronation mantle, with silver stars, embroidered with gold, costing originally upward of £500, brought only 47 guineas, and a green velvet mantle, lined with the finest ermine, a gift from the Czar Alexander, costing 1000 guineas, fetched £125. And for 12 shillings somebody received a pair of fine kid trousers, of ample dimensions, lined with white satin.

Rations for Tommy Atkins.

[Indianapolis News:] In the British army a battalion of 1016 men requires for its daily rations 635 two-pound loaves, 127 pounds of bacon, more than 21 pounds of salt and merely 13 pounds of pepper—to mention only a few of the items.

From Many Sources - Brief Anecdotes Gathered

Compiled for the Times

Series 2, No. 2

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Officer Brown and Mother Bentley.

By Robert Speed.

THE RETURN.

OFFICER BROWN was one of the best men on the force—the Chief himself said so. Twenty-nine years old, six feet two, and broad in proportion, his reputation for courage and cool-headedness in emergencies marked him as an ideal policeman.

Mother Bentley, hopelessly paralyzed, lay on a wheel-couch at a busy street corner and sold newspapers, chewing gum and "nations." From the waist up Mother Bentley was alive and active; from the waist down she was dead. Brown found her at this corner when he took up his duties there as traffic officer, and a strong friendship sprang up between the big, broad-shouldered policeman and the pale little invalid who was only half alive. It began because Officer Brown noticed that Mother Bentley was always cheerful; and being himself the embodiment of cheerfulness he felt strongly drawn to the brave cripple.

"To see her smiling all day, with a pleasant word for everyone, is sure enough to shame the rest of us when we get a grouch on," he said to his mother the evening of his second day as traffic officer.

"It certainly is, poor soul," was the reply; and next morning when her "Tommy" arrived at his post he presented a bunch of violets to the invalid "from Mother Brown to Mother Bentley."

Always thereafter he stopped for a moment on his arrival to say "good-morning," and on leaving he never failed to say "good-night." Sometimes he would buy an evening paper or a package of gum. A paper was delivered at his door every evening and he never chewed gum, but Mother Bentley did not know. Frequently during the day, when the nerve-racking, never-ending problems of keeping the roaring, clangling tides of street cars, automobiles and wagons from mixing into a maelstrom would vex him to exasperation, a glance in Mother Bentley's direction met by her answering smile would chase the frowns from his face and halt wrathful words about to be flung at careless drivers. "If she can stay cheerful I sure can," Brown often said to himself.

One afternoon when a light patter of raindrops pressed a shower a slim young girl of 14 or 15 appeared and tucked wraps about the form on the couch and arranged a protecting canopy over it and its wares. Then the girl disappeared as quickly as she had come.

"That was my daughter Mabel," Mother Bentley said to the officer when he stopped that evening on his way of duty. "She works in the big store over there. She's a good girl and helps all she can, but she doesn't earn enough to support us all."

"All! How many of you are there?" the policeman asked.

"Four," was the reply, the cheerful smile never for a moment leaving the wan features. "I have two little girls, 9 and 11. They go to school, and keep house for us out of school hours."

Heroines of the War.

HUNDREDS OF WOMEN REPORTED FIGHTING IN RUSSIAN ARMY.

[New York Times:] From time to time since the great war began reports have come through of women taking their places in the firing lines. These reports have been received with more or less incredulity, which has, however, given way before actual reports of women decorated and promoted for bravery on the battlefield.

Hundreds of women, it seems, are fighting in the armies of the Czar. Notable among these is Mme. Koudasheva, a woman of culture and refinement, a poet, a writer, a musician and, above all, a lover of sport, who enlisted as a volunteer when the war broke out. She distinguished herself to such a degree against the Germans that she was made first lieutenant, then colonel of

Brown gasped. "Nine and eleven!—keep house after school hours!" That cheerful smile had never seemed so wonderful as at that moment.

"And no men folks to help you at all?" he asked in an awed voice.

"No." For a brief space a look of patient sadness replaced the smile. "My husband fell from a building three years ago and was killed. I have a boy, but I don't know where he is. He was a good boy but rather thoughtless; and when the man he worked for lost some money they accused Jim of stealing it. He didn't steal it; I know he didn't; but other people wouldn't believe him and Jim ran away. That was in San Francisco before the earthquake. We came here soon afterward. I've been—this way about three years. I got hurt in a fall. We haven't heard anything from Jim since he went away. Let me show you his picture."

She drew a worn photograph from her bosom. Officer Brown looked at the picture and drew his hand across his forehead to hide a frown that came unbidden. Policemen, from the character of their daily work, learn to know certain types of men and to recognize them instantly. The face in the picture was not vicious, and for that Brown felt glad, but it was weak, and showed the effects of loose living. The youth's flashy clothing was true to type. He was of the kind one may see on any corner, a kind that are as much a problem in our big cities as the real criminals. On the youth's right cheek showed a small scar. Brown handed back the picture without comment. It swept over him how weak and inadequate would be sympathetic words in view of the tragedy this brave little woman had so unconsciously allowed him to glimpse. As he walked away his honest eyes moistened as he recalled how the mother had hesitated before allowing herself to call the boy "thoughtless."

When he reported on his way home that evening Officer Brown was told to return at midnight. It was an unusual demand but justified in the opinion of "headquarters." A raid was in prospect on a notorious den in Chinatown; and Brown, because of his intimate acquaintance with that troublesome district, gained during the two years of service as night patrolman there, was called upon for special service.

At 1 o'clock next morning Officer Brown, strolling leisurely along one of Chinatown's narrow streets, with a quick sidestep slipped into a dark passageway. At the same time, he knew, other officers were slipping into other dark passages from the streets along which they had come quietly as though on routine patrol. Brown followed the passage till it stopped at a heavy door, from the other side of which he heard faintly the murmur of voices. He had but a few moments to wait. Suddenly from a distant part of the building came the blows of an ax. The murmuring voices on the other side of his door stopped; next instant the door burst open; and in a flash a white man writhed in the policeman's strong left hand and a Chinese in his right.

The raid progressed rapidly and ended almost as quickly as it began. Within a few minutes the officers and their quarry stood by the curbing awaiting the patrol wagon. And the street which so shortly before had swarmed with life was now as quiet as the grave. Excepting their own company, not a soul was in sight.

Officer Brown looked his two prisoners over curiously. The Chinese was—well, a Chinese, not essentially different, so far as outward appearances went, from the score of others that, the officer knew, were even then regarding him with baleful eyes from every cranny and peephole in the surrounding buildings. The white man was a young fellow, perhaps 27 or 28 years of age, not prepossessing in appearance, as he showed plainly the marks of dissipation; yet he did not show the ghastly skin, twitching hands, and sunken eyes of the "dope fiend" so often caught in the dens.

"This is sure tough luck," he addressed the policeman sullenly. "Just blew into town yesterday. Went with a friend to see the Chinks play fan-tan and now I'm pinched. I suppose the judge won't believe me, but, honest to God, I've never been there before, and I didn't play a sou."

Brown listened absently. The man's story was no business of his. That would be up to the judge. But suddenly something in the other's face riveted his attention. He looked at him more closely. A small scar showed on the man's right cheek.

"What's your name?" Brown demanded, abruptly.

"Jones," was the answer.

Officer Brown shook him with no gentle hand. "Jim Bentley," he cried, "where have you been for the last nine years?"

Brown's prisoner looked at him in dull surprise. "How the—" he began, but Brown interrupted him.

"Do you know where your family is?"

"Ain't never heard of them since the quake in 'Frisco," the man returned, "but, say, how do you know my name?"

Brown made no reply. His mind was grappling with a problem that gave him no time for words.

Next morning those caught in the raid were arraigned. One after another their cases were disposed of.

"James Jones!" called the judge.

Bentley was accompanied to the rail by Officer Brown, with whom he had been in earnest conversation since entering the room.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked his Honor.

"Just that I only came to town yesterday, and that I wasn't gambling when they caught us," was the sullen reply. Neither the man's appearance nor his tone was such as to win him favor. The portly judge frowned.

"That's what they all say," he remarked, grimly.

Then it was that Officer Brown spoke up: "Judge," he began, "it isn't usual for an officer to ask you to be easy on anyone he catches with the goods, but it happens I'm interested in this man's case and I want to tell you something before you pass sentence on him, if you'll let me."

The judge nodded and Brown continued:

"Down at the corner where I am stationed there's a little woman who is paralyzed, selling papers and gum and things. She can't get off her couch, Judge, but she's the most cheerful little soul I ever saw—always has a smile for everybody. That little woman's husband was killed three years ago and she hasn't got anybody to help her but a 15-year-old girl; yet, between the two of 'em, they keep the family together and send the two little girls to school. And, Judge, those two little girls, one's 9, the other 11, do the housework after school hours. Yesterday this woman showed me a picture of a boy of hers who ran away before the earthquake in San Francisco. They used to live there then, and they have never heard from him since. Well, Judge, this fellow is that boy. I recognized him by that scar. He didn't know till I told him where his folks were, or that his father was dead. I've been talking to him and he's promised me if you'll let him off he'll go to work and help the family. He's broke, Judge, and hasn't any work, but I believe I can get him a job, and I'll sure do it if you'll let him go."

"Is all this true?" his Honor asked the prisoner.

"It is, Judge," was the reply.

"You're discharged," said the judge. "I hope you will prove worthy of your new friend's help."

Officer Brown mopped his face with a huge handkerchief. It had been one of the longest speeches of his life, and the perspiration on his brow bore witness to the effort it had cost him. But his work was not finished yet. At the first opportunity he cornered the police-court reporters.

"I want you fellows to do me a favor," he told them earnestly. "I want you to kill this story. You see, that little woman is going to get her boy back, and there ain't no use letting her know how he came to find her. Now, just put the soft pedal on how I spied on the judge and I'll do as much for you some day. I didn't give away the fellow's real name, but if you guys were to tell how I asked to have him turned loose she might suspect the whole thing; and what's the use of letting her know we pinched him in Jim Wong's joint?" And, partly because the reporters all liked Brown, partly because many of them had received favors at his hands and knew they might want others, but chiefly because reporters have just as kind hearts as other people, the story of Officer Brown's eloquent plea has never before seen print.

Next day, on arriving at his post, Brown found a radiant little woman on the couch. He stopped beside her for a moment.

"My boy's come home! My boy's come home!" she cried, catching his hand. "He was at the house when I got home last night, and he says I won't have to come out here any more because he's going to support us now."

"Well, well; now, that is good news," the big officer answered, patting the thin little hand with his huge one. As he walked out into the street to take his position he blew his nose violently. "Must a caught a cold somehow," he muttered.

the regiment in which her husband served years ago.

Another Russian heroine is Natalie Tychnini, a high school girl of Kiev, who has received the Order of St. George for distinguished service at the front. She passed as a man in the Russian lines, and was detailed to carry ammunition to the trenches. The Russians were forced to retire, and Natalie Tychnini was left lying wounded on the field near Opatow. The Austrians found her and nursed her back to health. When the Russians again took Opatow she was still in the hospital, and was sent by them back to Kiev, where she was given her honors.

From Kiev comes the story of another gallant girl officer in a regiment of Cosacks, Alexandra Lagareva, who, with a handful of men of her detachment, was captured by the Germans. She managed to escape, however, but before doing so

secured certain papers which proved of great value to the Russian general she was serving under.

"Yellow Martha," so called from her golden hair, is another of Russia's heroines. During the fighting of Sokatchew she took a Russian flag from the Germans, who had captured an advanced line of trenches. As the Russians were making for the second trenches, the standard-bearer was shot in the back. Martha noticed him fall and dashed alone to secure the flag. Two Germans pursued her as she made off with it, but she shot them both dead and returned triumphantly with the flag.

Betrayed by the whiteness and smallness of her hands, Signorina Luiga Ciappa, a young schoolmistress living near Florence, would be in the firing line today had her sex not thus been accidentally discovered. Leaving home under the pretense of going to see a relative, this ardent Italian woman

patriot purchased a uniform, obtained a rifle and equipment and joined a volunteer force.

The Severest Punishment.

[Chicago News:] The antipathy which Doctor Johnson bore to Scotland was not singular or unprecedented. Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I. A gayly dressed Scotchman refused him admittance into the King's closet. The King, hearing an altercation between the two, came out and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence." "Cousin," said the King, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the tower?" "Oh, no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "inflict a severer punishment; send him back to Scotland."

The Gospel of Work. By Alice Virginia Hall.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

But I'm different from you. I can't sit down on my joy forever. I'm going to work, but because I want to, and at what I want to. I'm going to be my own Divine Providence. It's the only sure kind."

"When," began Nellie—

"When," interrupted Colette. "Oh, for a long time I've felt it. I knew tonight A

girl knows lots of things with her first kiss. I knew then that nothing in the world could take away my possibility of love. Life here would."

"Yes," answered Nellie, in a dull monotone, "life here would." She huddled lower in her quilt, shivering a little. "You'd better go," she said finally. "You'd better dare

anything rather than this!"

And when Colette stooped over her in the early morning, sobbing out her love and gratitude for all that her cousin had given her, Nellie herself did weep. It was only after the door had shut the child away, and she heard the sharp ring of Colette's feet on the pavement below, that she yielded to

the paroxysm of grief that swept her empty heart.

"I hadn't the right to keep her," she thought drearily. "No matter what danger she faces, no matter what—it's better than—thin."

Outside the spring morning burst into glory, and Colette sped on into its arms.

In the Light of Yesterday. By James M. Warnack.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

LIKE half-remembered notes of quaint songs heard in foreign lands, come trooping through my mind tonight the wreaths of thoughts of other years. Tis not that I am now so old but that I may, in future, look fondly backward and think of the present as the time "when I was young," but there is something amusing, as well as tragic, in the remembrance of that extreme youth of which I once was guilty. For things were different then, or perhaps I was different, or it may be that everything and everybody were much the same as they are now except that then I saw through my own eyes, whereas today whatever I see must be seen somewhat as others see it. Yet I console myself with the thought that if I really have lost something precious I have gained something vastly better; if I really have lost a certain amount of self-consciousness, a big belief in my own importance, I have found within myself a social consciousness that is necessary to the development of all individuals. It is not in the big order of things that a selfish individualism shall be allowed to block the way of social progress, and for this fact every member of society should be duly grateful.

One of the first mistakes I ever made was in trying to be good. One of my many brothers was very ill, and I, imbued with a faith that angels might have envied, slipped out of my cabin home and walked out among the blackberry briars to pray for John's recovery. What fate was it that led my feet to that particular spot? As I bowed low and began to whisper my fervent petition into the ear of the Infinite, how was I to know that my face was within three feet of a hornet's nest? And how were the hornets to know that my intentions were not of the best? A few minutes later I stood with swelled face and weeping eyes in the presence of my mother and my brothers, telling them my story. Everybody smiled, including John, who began to get better from that day. He might have recovered without my prayer. I don't know. However, sick as he was and anxious as I was to see him get well, his smiling hurt me just a little and I haven't entirely forgiven him to this day.

However, that is not all that I hold against John. Another day I accompanied my father to church. He told me to keep very still while the preacher was talking and I sat there motionless for fully an hour, listening to words that I did not understand because I felt that I must be good. No martyr ever suffered more. When the benediction was pronounced I took a long, deep breath and walked slowly out of the house, holding my father's hand and thinking of the stick of candy I was to receive when I reached home as a reward for having been good. What did I get when we reached home? I got cabbage, corn bread and buttermilk! My mother had given the last stick of Christmas candy to John to keep him from playing in a beautiful mud puddle. I had been punished for being good while John had been rewarded for not being good!

From that time on I began to be more human. Since then I have often thought I would rather be less than human than more than human, so far as congenial relationship with my fellow-beings is concerned; for society seems to feel itself responsible for the world's weaklings and to pity them if it does not protect them, but society never sympathizes with the super-man, though at times he may be in sore need of sympathy. From that man who is above the crowd society would take everything and, if it were possible, would give nothing. Yet, after all, perhaps it is this very selfishness of the mob that proves its needs to nobler men and makes them willing martyrs.

However, I was not always good when I was young. Once I was very bad, al-

though I was really "getting on in years" then. If I remember rightly I was "half past eight, going on nine" as I proudly boasted to whoever was so considerate of my feelings as to inquire my age. Out on some old weather-beaten shingles that lay near the well my mother had spread a few gallons of dewberries to dry. Now, nothing in all the three worlds is quite so palatable to a boy as a half-dried dewberry. I had found the delicious fruit in the sun and had begun to devour it when Aunt Rachel, an old black mammy who washed for us, came suddenly upon me. After heartily scolding me for stealing the berries she escorted me to the well, took the lid off and told me to look down into the dark water.

"White chile, does yo' know yo' broke one o' de tin commandments? Well, yo' has, an' ef yo' evah steals anothah berry I'll come right after yo' an' drap yo' right down dah!"

After that terrible threat I confined my depredations to the pantry. Yet it wasn't because of the scare that old Rachel gave me, nor was it because I had taken something by stealth, that I lay awake in the dark that night for at least ten interminable minutes. The reason for my insomnia lay deeper. It was because I had broken one of the ten commandments, and my Sunday-school teacher had told the class that if a little boy broke one of the commandments he had broken them all. I did not quite understand it, and don't yet, but I believed her and I dreaded the consequences. The next time I went to Sunday-school I prayed earnestly for pardon. For an ordinary sin, such as speaking crossly to mother, I might have obtained forgiveness "in the privacy of the closet," but a sin of the magnitude of that which I had committed required vocal repentance before a Sunday-school teacher and a large class of boys and girls. Even at that, I feared that the Almighty would need considerable coaxing before He would consent to forgive me, but He was really very nice about it, considering the enormity of the transgression.

But to return to the old well, with which many of my earlier superstitions are associated. My older brothers had told me that this well was eighty feet deep and that just beneath the waters lay stretched the fair land of China, and China was a land so densely populated that most of the people slept in a standing posture because there was not room to lie down! Having a rather vague conception as to the distance of a foot, and having been told that the world was round, there was no reason why I should not believe my brothers' story. Besides, there was something fascinating about this story and I was glad to believe it. Persons of mature years often smile at the readiness with which the young accept a statement as true; yet if there is anything more unreasonable than the blessed credulity of youth it is the unreasoning incredulity of age.

The first doubt in my mind concerning the veracity of my older brothers came to me one day when I was playing near the well. Some one had drawn a bucket of water and had left the lid off the top. I leaned over and looked down. No black mammy was holding me and threatening me this time. I was acting of my own free will. There was a difference. Suddenly as I lay there the thought struck me: What if I were to jump down into the well, go through the water and land in China? What a thrilling experience it would be, and how all the Chinamen would wonder how I got there! I had long been desirous of seeing some Chinese babies, anyway, and here was my chance. Slowly I put my feet down into the cool air, slowly I let myself down until my elbows rested on the well top, holding me in readiness for the big excursion. Then a new thought struck me: What if my brothers did not know what they were talking about, after all?

all? What if this well had no bottom to it, like wells I had heard about? In fancy I saw myself going down, down, down, for ever and ever and ever and ever; I saw my father coming to look for me after he had heard the splash in the water; I saw him drawing up bucket after bucket of water as long as he lived, but never getting to the bottom and never finding me. I began to grow chilly. Slowly I drew myself out and, not daring to glance back, I rushed up to the red knoll, sat down all a-tremble and smiled up at the big sun. Still, I reflected, my brothers might have been right, and perhaps I might have seen that wonderful China if I had simply let myself go. I rose and started back. But what if I should fall among a bunch of Chinese babies and break one of their legs? That thought broke my heart and changed my decision. I would never forgive myself if I should break a Chinese baby's leg. I sat down again. I was not afraid, of course. Not I! Only bad boys were ever afraid. I knew that because my Sunday-school teacher had said so.

Long I sat there revelling in my goodness until the sun became a big red wheel and started rolling swiftly around me, and dove-winged cloudlets began to nestle caressingly about the tall pines on the hill above me. As I rose to go my glance fell on a moving white object, trampling down the sedge grass on the hill. What if it were a lion. Lions were the most terrible monsters on earth. Nothing except the Bad Man was quite so awful as a lion. Once a lion got loose from a cage in a circus and he ate twenty hundred boys and forty-five girls before the showman could catch him. I had heard old "Nigger Boze" say that when a lion roared he broke out window panes for three miles around him. What if this thing I saw was really a lion! And what if he should roar? My blood froze. Then the unexpected happened. The deep reverberations sounded in my ears, almost deafening me. Following the roar came a "cheep! cheep! cheep!" just over my head. I looked up. It was a bat and he had done the roaring. Then I realized that my lion on the hill was Dunbar's old white ram.

So many tiny ghosts of thoughts come creeping through my mind tonight—faint memories of vivid images that once, like white and dark and bright-plumed birds, lived in my heart when life was new. I remember the first man I ever saw who, I was told, had committed a crime. Before I entered the little country schoolhouse in which the criminal was being heard by the "squire" I was pitying him and thinking of how wretched he must feel and look. When I went in I saw the lawless one sitting and telling a funny story to a crowd of men, including the "squire"! And after his case had been heard by the august judge this man actually took a mouth harp from his hip pocket, shook the tobacco crumbs from it and played "Turkey Buzzard," notwithstanding the fact that he had been "bound over," which, for a moment, seemed to disconcert him.

I remember the first dead man I ever saw, and how, after everyone had left the room, I slipped back, lifted the cloth from his feet and very gingerly touched his big toe, just to see how it would feel to touch a dead person; and I remember that I was a trifle disappointed in that the experiment did not give me more of a thrill. I remember the first city I ever saw, and how wonderfully bright the gas lights seemed, and how happy I imagined the people were who lived every day where they could see steam engines and big bridges and windows in which stood great, strangely-shaped glass bottles filled with the most wonderfully colored waters. I remember, too, how many of these things soon became common to me. I remember the big tank I used to have to pass on my way to school and how I feared that one day that tank would "blow up" just as I should be passing by!

So many, many little nothings I remember, some of them happy memories, but many others not so pleasant. On the whole, the embarrassments I suffered long ago were more disconcerting, and the pains I experienced more poignant than any I have suffered since, and I would not live it all over again for worlds. Since long ago, many of the good things for which I have longed have been granted me in fullest measure, and I am fully reconciled to the cosmic administration. I am glad to go on farther and farther into life and toward that mysterious adventure which men call death—for to me the outlook has grown ever brighter as the days and years have passed, and I look not with fear but with glad welcome on all that is to come.

A Lamentation.

Far flung upon the night the piercing cry of Hate

Calls to his standard red, his murd'rous host, slate.

And far from Cavalry these centuries of light,

Are in a moment quenched in war and blood and night.

The love that bore the Cross and suffered for mankind,

In nowise seems to have redeemed the human mind,

For, every passion base, still sovereign,

seems to rule.

With ignorant and wise, philosopher and fool.

The human jungle-beast, loud roaring "this is mine."

Still shamelessly defies laws human and divine.

Not so much civilized are we above the brute.

For selfishness and greed all nobler traits refute.

In fact one might aver that e'en a dog or horse

Might sometimes show more love, more sorrow or remorse.

Than do the nations now, in fratricidal war.

In all their cruelties and murders, show therefor.

We use intelligence to kill our brother-man In greater numbers, on a vastly larger plan.

If ignorance is bliss, 'tis certainly not wise To covet knowledge where the moral nature dies,

And where its greatest use seems only to annoy,

And to devise more ways to cripple or destroy.

Instead of killing one as in the olden times, A hundred thousand now foot up our daily crimes.

The papers of today, with joyous headlines filled,

Gloat o'er the tragic news of many thousands killed.

Invention stands in awe, and waits with bated breath

To watch its great success in spreading wreck and death.

Religion? Save the mark! The priest and people pray,

That God will deign to bless their armies, hired but to slay.

Insanely they forget the Abels lying 'round,

And that now as of yore, their blood cries from the ground.

ARTHUR GORE.

His Friend's Chance.

[Indianapolis Star:] "How did it happen that your friends got the best of you?" queried the person with the question habit.

"They got busy while I was watching my enemies," explained the man who had got the short end of it.

Officer Brown and Mother Bentley.

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered
From Many Sources.

Blissful Depravity.

IN A BORDER southern town lives an elderly negro carpenter, who is locally distinguished for two things—his use of large words and his abiding fear of his wife, who is big, impressive and domineering. In this town a trio of young professional men keep bachelor quarters together.

Not so very long ago one of the three called the darky to do some small repairing jobs about the apartment.

"Boss," inquired the old man, in the midst of his work, "does you white gent'mens live heah in total depravity of de feminine sex?"

"We do," was the answer.

From the bottom of his henpecked soul the old darky fetched up a long, deep, sincere sigh.

"Well, suh," he said, "ef I wuz ez you is, I should suitably remain so!"—[Saturday Evening Post.]

Where the Plan Failed.

A WHITE man walking along a road where an old colored man was white-washing a fence noticed that the brush he was using contained very few bristles.

"Look here, Rastus," exclaimed the man, pausing and looking at the operation, "why don't you get a brush with more bristles in it?"

"What fo', Mistah Smith, what fo'?" returned Rastus, glancing from the fence to his questioner.

"What for?" expressively replied Mr. Smith. "Why, if you had a brush with more bristles in it you could do twice as much work."

"Dat's all right, Mistah Smith," said Rastus, negatively shaking his head, "but I ain't got twice as much work to do."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Eye Openers.

A N ACTOR who recently returned from a successful season in Europe tells a story of a very old Irishman who one day astonished a friend by announcing that he was about to get married.

"Married" exclaimed his friend. "An old man like you?"

"Well, you see," the old man exclaimed, "it's just because I'm getting an old boy now. It's a fine thing to have a wife near you to close your eyes when you have come to an end."

"Ah, don't be so foolish," exclaimed his friend. "What do you know about it? Close your eyes, indeed! I've had a couple of them, and, faith, both of them opened mine."

Slow Diplomacy.

ULGARIA'S defection caused Spanish Consul Juan L. y Marti to say in莫比:

"The allies' diplomacy in the Balkans was slow. It reminds me of Smith."

"Smith's mother-in-law rushed to him in great excitement on his return from business one evening."

"Oh, John," she cried, "that great, horrid, heavy grandfather's clock in the hall has just fallen with a dreadful crash on the very spot where I'd been standing only a moment before."

"Humph," muttered Smith, "I always said that clock was slow."—[Washington Star.]

Looked Like Him.

SANDY had been photographed, and as he was looking intently at his "picter" Tam McPherson came along.

"What's that ye hiv theer?" he asked.

"My photograph," replied Sandy, showing it proudly. "Whit d'ye think o' it?"

"Mon, it's fine," exclaimed Tam in great admiration. "It's just like ye, tae. An' whit mielh the like o' they cost?"

"I dinna ken," replied Sandy. "I hivna payed yet."

"Mon," said Tam, more firmly than ever, "it's awful like ye!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

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Didn't Know the Young Woman.

A STORY is told of an American traveling in France.

While in Paris he went into a jeweler's shop and asked the price of a pin on the counter. He was told it was 20 francs.

"That's too much," said the tourist; "it's a present for my sister. I'll give you 5 francs for it."

"Zen it would be I sat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I know not ze young mademoiselle."—[Chicago Herald.]

Inconsiderate Youth.

WHAT'S the idea?" asked the store-keeper as Farmer Corntassel closed the door carefully and edged over to the stove.

"The idea of what?"

"Of those clothes? That little hat and the sport shirt and white socks?"

"Them used to be my boy Josh's. He's got to have new ones an' my wife says these are too good to throw away. I don't mind the hat ner the shirt, cos I kin let my hair an' whiskers grow. But Josh 'ud be a heap more of a comfort to his father in cold weather if he wouldn't insist on wearin' his trousers so high at the ankles."—[Washington Star.]

Shifting of Charges.

A BARRISTER with a long experience of queer juries in the mining regions of Pennsylvania tells the following amusing story as illustrating their eccentricities:

A man was charged with committing a murderous assault upon another as a result of some political difference.

The assault having been committed at night, there appeared to be some difficulty in identifying the assailant, and, as a matter of fact, the counsel for the defense made out an excellent case for the prisoner, calling witness to testify that he was nowhere near the spot where the assault took place on the night in question.

Everybody concerned fully expected that the jury would bring in a verdict of acquittal, yet, to the general astonishment, the foreman announced that the prisoner had been found guilty. "But," he added, observing the general consternation created by his statement, "not guilty of this assault, yer Honor. This is the spalpeen who stole Biddy McCarthy's pig last year, and we found him guilty of that."—[Chicago News.]

The Reward.

PIERRE ROGDESTVENSKY, Russian Consul to San Francisco, was talking about Bulgaria's apostasy.

"But she'll get little gratitude and little reward from Germany," he said. "She'll find herself, at the end, in the position of the young man at the glove counter."

"Give me a pair of four-button white kids, No. 6, please," said a young lady to this clerk. "Why," she added, with a start, "haven't I seen you before?"

"Oh, Mabel," cried the clerk, "you haven't forgotten me, then, after all! Don't you remember how I saved your life in the surf last summer, and we became engaged, and—"

"Why, yes, to be sure!" said the young lady, brightly. "And—er—you can make it two pairs of four-button kids, if you like."—[Washington Star.]

Too Much Inconvenience.

THE conversation drifted to the subject of great inconveniences the other evening, when this story was related by Emerson C. Harrington, Governor-elect of Maryland.

One afternoon a good housewife hustled into the corner grocery of the country town near where she lived and threw a package on the counter with some show of impetuosity.

"It's them matches I bought here last week!" indignantly exclaimed the woman.

"They're no good! They won't strike!"

"Just look at this, madame," said the storekeeper, picking up one of the matches.

after another and striking them on his shoe. "They're all right."

"Maybe they are," sarcastically rejoined the customer. "But do you think that when I want to light a fire I can come all the way in from the farm to strike a match on your old shoe?"—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Cause for Sorrow.

THE talk topic in the lobby of a hotel the other night turned to music when Congressman James Mahan of Minnesota was reminded of an incident along that line.

Some time since the esteemed Jones was rambling along the asphalt with a rather disconsolate expression when he met a fellow-citizen named Smith.

"Hello, Jones!" greeted Smith, with a quizzical expression. "What in the world is the matter with you? You look as if you had been hit by a freight train loaded with hard luck."

"I am just a little sad, that's all," mournfully explained Jones. "I got married a week or so ago, and I have just discovered that my wife can't sing."

"Well, say!" exclaimed Smith, shedding a large smile. "That shouldn't distress you. You are to be congratulated."

"No, I am not, old man," responded Jones, with a life-size sigh. "She thinks she can."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

There Was Danger.

ARATHER heavy storm burst over a suburban town, and a young wife, startled by a particularly sharp crash, made a dive from the porch to the darkened parlor.

"I won't stay here another minute!" she exclaimed in a terrified voice. "You can't tell what may happen next."

"You are foolish, dear," responded the hubby, following her into the house. "Don't you know that thunder cannot hurt anybody?"

"You are mistaken, Harry," positively rejoined the young woman. "Haven't you ever heard of people being thunderstruck?"—[Philadelphia Record.]

Not Far Apart.

SECRETARY JOSEPHUS DANIELS was discussing a courteous retort.

"One may be excused," said he, "for feeling a little joy when the man who goes out of his way to make a rude remark, simply to show his wit, receives a rebuke that is courteous as it is effective."

"A learned scientist was attending dinner, and as cigars were being indulged in one of the guests began to deride philosophy. He went on rudely to express the opinion that philosopher was but another way of spelling fool."

"What is your opinion, Professor?" he asked, smilingly. "Is there much distance between them?"

"The professor surveyed the boorish vis-a-vis keenly for a moment, then, with a polite bow, responded:

"Sometimes only the width of a table."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Something Appropriate.

ACITIZEN of a southern town entered the corner grocery and found the proprietor buried in thought. Naturally he wanted to know what weighed so heavily on the storekeeper's mind.

"Mrs. Jones was just in here," explained the corner groceryman, with a sad sort of a sigh, "and she told me that I ought to rename my scales the ambuscade brand."

"She did, did she?" returned the other, wondering. "Well, what of it?"

"What of it?" was the startling rejoinder of the groceryman. "Why, as soon as she had gone I looked up the word 'ambuscade' in the dictionary and found it meant to lie in wait."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Saving the Day.

A CLERGYMAN tells the following tale, showing his wife's wonderful tact and quickness of wit.

One day he noticed a woman whom he

much disliked coming up his front steps. Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller. Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully on the landing, and hearing nothing below called down to his wife:

"Has the horrible old bore gone?"

The objectionable woman was still in the drawing-room, but the minister's wife proved equal to the occasion.

"Yes, dear," she called back, "she went long ago! Mrs. Parker is here now."—[New York Times.]

Aged Moonshine.

WHILE traveling in the Sunny South recently, I had the good fortune to be introduced to the proprietor of one of Kentucky's moonshine stills. Now, I have heard a heap about the potency of moonshine, and how that it will cause a jackrabbit to give battle to a grizzly bear. Accordingly I decided to allow a dram to pass my lips, as I find that is the infallible way to test such products of commerce.

"Do you want new whisky, sah, or do you want aged whisky?" whispered the moonshiner.

"What's the difference, Uncle, between new and aged whisky?"

"Wahl, the new whisky, sah, were made this har marnin' and aged whisky day afot yest'day."—[Zim" in Cartoons Magazine.]

The Worn Trousers.

ELIHU ROOT, former Senator from New York, smiled the other evening, when reference at a dinner was made to church attendance. He said he was reminded of the piety of a certain hobo.

One afternoon a castdown hobo timidly knocked on the door of a suburban home, and when the owner of the house appeared he meekly asked for bread.

"I see," responded the proprietor, critically sizing up the tramp, "that the knees of your trousers are badly worn."

"Yes, sir," answered the hobo, in a subdued voice. "I wore them through kneeling in prayer."

A few minutes later the tramp was handed his fodder, and, with many thanks, he turned and started toward the gate.

"Just a moment," exclaimed the proprietor. "I notice that your trousers are also pretty badly worn in the back."

"Yes, sir," responded the tramp, steering for the gate. "I did that backsiding."

—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

A Warrior's Finery.

GEORGE has become much interested in playing soldier. At first he was content to march around merely with a stick for a gun; then, at his request, his mother made him a paper hat, to which later he added a plume picked up in the chicken yard. Then he must have a belt, and this naturally led him to ask his father to whitewash him a sword. But one day he came from the pictures with another detail.

"Mother," he asked, "got any old brushes I can have?"

"What for?"

"I've been looking at a picture of Napoleon—and he has scrubbing brushes on his shoulders."—[Picture Progress.]

The Cook Crook.

EDITH WHARTON, the novelist, was talking about French housekeeping.

"The one drawback," she said, "is that your cook does your marketing. She markets for cash, too. The result is a very frank kind of cheating."

"I once said to a cook in Paris:

"Now, if you are strictly honest I'll give you 5 francs extra at each month's end. What do you say?"

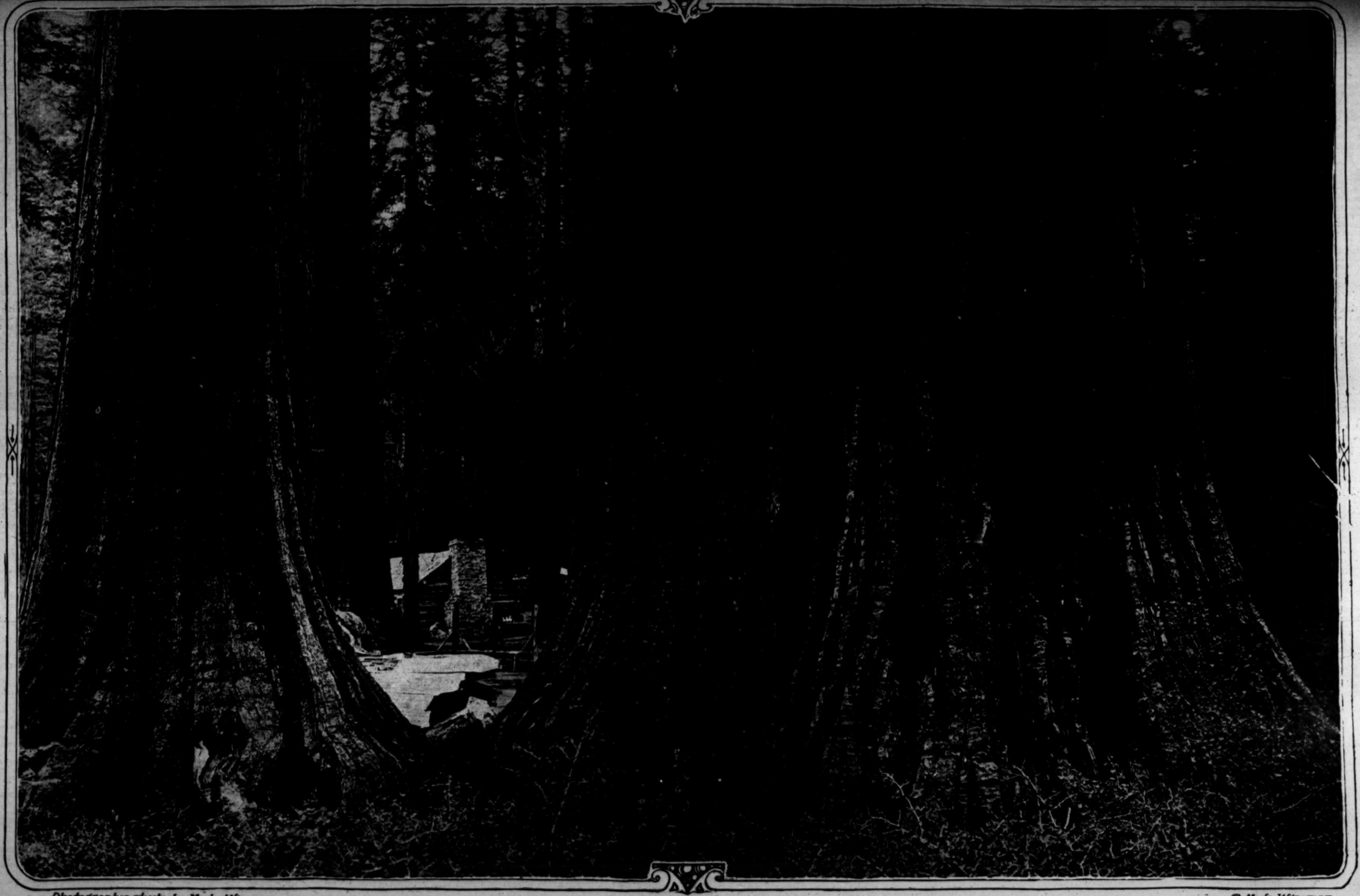
"The cook hesitated, then answered:

"I'll think it over carefully, madam, and let you know my decision this evening."—[Omaha Bee.]

THOUSAND
ENROL

Regt. of Br.
7th Ar.

Mariposa Grove Under the Warm Light of the Midday Sun.



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